

WIN A DATE WITH TAD HAMILTON

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**For Educational
Purposes Only**

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN and a small CHILD watch tearfully THROUGH THE TERMINAL WINDOW as a jetway detaches from a 767. The moment of separation stabs them. Someone is leaving who shouldn't be leaving. But he is leaving. And so there's nothing to do now but go home.

The young woman hugs the child to her blue cardigan. They turn for the terminal exit. Theirs are the wounded strides of people whose lives will never be the same.

Then, just as they pass the gate from which the jetway extends, THE GATE DOOR OPENS. Out steps TAD HAMILTON, mid-20's, strikingly handsome, yet possessed of an everyman-ish charm. It's a powerful combination. He smiles disarmingly, self-effacingly, as though he's not the sexiest man in the western world, not him, never.

The young woman and the child stop. They look at him. He didn't get on the plane. But what does that mean? They swallow, their hearts racing. Their eyes inquire. After a moment:

TAD

I was just thinking...

WOMAN / CHILD

(hoping against hope)

Yes? / Yes?

TAD

It's very hot in Mississippi.

For the young woman and the child, the words are a starter's pistol. They break into smiles and bound across the terminal floor to Tad. He opens his arms to receive them, and they hug, kiss and twirl, to the delight of John and Jane TRAVELER. At the embrace's most touching moment, we FREEZE FRAME, then FADE TO BLACK.

A beat later, CREDITS roll, beginning with the cast list. The first actor's name is Tad Hamilton.

At the same time, APPLAUSE cascades from over our shoulder.

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals that we're:

INT. MULTIPLEX MOVIE THEATER - WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA -
NIGHT

The packed CROWD is CLAPPING and crying, LAUGHING and drying
its eyes, mad with delight.

None among them is more moved than ROSALEE FUTCH, mid 20's,
sweet, a little goofy sometimes -- a medium-town girl, utterly
without pretension. You don't realize how pretty Rosalee is
until you take a second look. She herself has no idea.

Her best friend, CATHY FEELY, is in the seat next to her.
On Cathy's other side, PETE MONASH, Rosalee's self-appointed
older brother, sits glumly.

ROSALEE

(Re: Tad)

He's so fantastic.

CATHY

He's fantastic.

PETE

(heard it a million
times from these two)

What makes him fantastic, that he
didn't go to Mississippi?

ROSALEE

He's just fantastic.

PETE

Millions of people refrain from going
to Mississippi every day.

CATHY

(lost)

I love him so much.

PETE

I myself have never gone to
Mississippi. That must make me some
kind of God.

CATHY

Do you think that in real life, he's
the person he seems to be on the
screen?

PETE

I bet so, because he's not that good
an actor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

(to Cathy, ignoring
Pete)

You can't fake that kind of decency
and humanity.

PETE

(rolling his eyes)

No, you sure can't.

CUE MUSIC: Pink's "Get the Party Started."

CUT TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

A Mercedes SLK is barreling -- dangerously -- through the tight curves. The lights of L.A. flash intermittently through breaks in the tree line.

INT. MERCEDES

Tad Hamilton is at the wheel. He's drinking from a fifth of Bushmill's, driving with one hand, and SINGING ALONG with the song in an intentionally comic funk-voice. Next to him, a DAZZLING YOUNG WOMAN LAUGHS BIG at his performance, apparently without a worry in the world for their safety.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE

The car makes a hard turn into a driveway, nearly running an oncoming vehicle off the road and into the San Fernando Valley. We see a FLASH OF LIGHT in the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - WHEELING - NIGHT

A Piggly Wiggly Delivery Van makes its way, slowly and safely, through town.

INT. DELIVERY VAN

Pete is at the wheel. He wears a brown Piggly Wiggly uniform that features a caricature of a wiggling pig. MRS. PEREZ, an older Puerto Rican WOMAN with a memory that comes and goes, sits in the passenger seat. From the van radio:

CUE MUSIC: "Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City" -- a really cheesy version -- with which Mrs. Perez sings along.

MRS. PEREZ

"...For fifty cents you can see a
dandy show!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She playfully elbows P ete, who nods charitably. The song CONTINUES under.

MRS. PEREZ (CONT'D)

Thank you very much for driving me home, Pete.

PETE

It's my pleasure, Mrs. Perez.

MRS. PEREZ

Every time I go to the market, I feel sure I'll be able to make it there and back on foot. And every time I fade.

PETE

(cheerfully)

That's okay, Mrs. Perez. It's important that you get some exercise, but you shouldn't overdo it.

MRS. PEREZ

(SINGS with gusto)

"She went about as far as she could go!"

She elbows Pete again, who nods again.

CUT TO:

INT. TAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heaving for breath, the dazzling woman, now naked, rolls off the also-naked Tad, who rolls in the opposite direction, toward his cigarettes. But he has forgotten that one of his wrists is handcuffed to the headboard.

TAD

Ow.

He SIGHS and shakes his head as in, "If I had a nickel for every time I did that..." He takes a key from among a bunch of them in the nightstand drawer and deftly unlocks the cuffs. He reaches for the cigarettes and lights one with a Zippo. He takes a long drag, exhales, then looks at the woman he's just slept with.

TAD (CONT'D)

What's your name?

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL OF MRS. PEREZ' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Pete, holding four heavy grocery bags, is paused on one step. Mrs. Perez is paused a couple of steps above him.

MRS. PEREZ

I'm sorry my pace is so slow, Pete.

PETE

No problem at all. Take your time, Mrs. Perez.

MRS. PEREZ

Thanks.

A long pause, and then she takes a step. Just one. Then Pete takes a step. Mrs. Perez is now paused again, and giving no indication as to when she might consider taking her next step. Pete struggles under the weight of the heavy bags, but is much too considerate to complain. Eventually:

MRS. PEREZ (CONT'D)

(forgetting)

What's your name?

MUSIC OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LE PETIT FOUR RESTAURANT - OUTDOOR SEATING AREA - THE NEXT DAY

Tad, looking sort of unwashed, sits with his agent and manager, both of whom are named Richard Levy. RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER, Tad's agent, is energetic and fast-tongued. RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER, Tad's manager, is avuncular and seemingly always on the verge of falling asleep. Tad is perpetually annoyed by him, a condition that Richard Levy the Older has never recognized. Over the following, Tad eats celery onto which he drips droplets of rice vinegar.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

And then she left?

TAD

Just in time for Laker 4th Quarter Replay.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER

One night. I want to be you for one night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

You might not enjoy it as much as you think.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER

An experiment I would like to conduct.

Richard Levy the Younger reaches into his pocket and takes out a PHOTO printed off the internet.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Yeah, well, this is the shot the paparazzi got.

The photo shows Tad behind the wheel of the SLK with the Bushmill's and the cigarette in one hand and the actress' breast in the other. He is looking at her and grinning, showing absolutely no interest in the road.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER (CONT'D)

You're actually drinking, driving, smoking, leering and groping at the same time.

Tad is typically charming and unworried about his misdeeds.

TAD

Give me some credit, dude -- that's not easy to do.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER

(re: picture)

This is bad for the image.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

"Bad?" How could it be worse? He'd have to be molesting a Korean boy with his foot.

TAD

You worry too much about these things, Richard.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Tad, every time you do something like this, people clock it. And it hurts you. You play characters who have heart.

(shakes photo at him)

This is not a person who has heart. This is a person who will have a heart attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
It's starting to take a toll, m'boy.

TAD
It is?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
You know that part in the Jimmy Ing
movie you want?

TAD
Yeah?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
Well, he's taking a breath.

TAD
He's what?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
He's taking a breath. He's hemming
and he's hawing. He's pausing before
deciding. He's been given pause.
He's hemming, hawing, pausing, and
taking a breath.

TAD
So?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
So, six months ago, he never would've
breathed. He would've staggered up
to you, completely unoxygenated, and
begged you to take the part.

(indicating photo)
And this is only going to make him
breathe more.

TAD
(wearily)
Well, what do you want to do?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
I want to asphyxiate the son of a
bitch! I want to generate a little
positive p.r.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
-- To remind America, and Jimmy Ing,
that you are the boy next door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

I am the boy next door. If you happen to live in a very fucked-up neighborhood.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY SUPERMARKET - WHEELING - DAY

A smiling MECHANICAL PIG WIGGLES welcome from atop a rickety wooden tower in the parking lot.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

The walls are BLANKETED with corporate plaques -- awards that Pete has won. "Employee of the Month," "Store Manager of the Month," "Store of the Year," etc. There are so many of them that they are jammed on top of each other like plundered art at the Hermitage -- they hang at odd angles, and you don't know where to look first.

Cathy and Pete eat brown-bag lunches on a shopworn couch. Pete reads Modern Grocer magazine. Rosalee surfs the net on a beat-up PC, eating Pringles potato chips and drinking Yoo-Hoo. No celery for this girl. All three are in their brown Piggly Wiggly uniforms.

CATHY

Rosalee, what's your favorite Pringle? Sour cream and onion, or original?

ROSALEE

Depends on how many you're eating.

CATHY

Explain.

ROSALEE

Well, the sour cream and onion is a very strong taste, and if you're eating a small amount, say, half a can, then you want that strength. But if you're eating much more than that, you want the original. It's a cleaner flavor.

CATHY

I see.

PETE

(shakes his head)

Boy, we are pondering some important questions here this afternoon.

Suddenly, the AIR rushes out of Rosalee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

Oh my G-d.

CATHY

What is it?

And on the computer screen, we see an advertising "cookie" with Tad's picture on it. He's smiling that smile. Above him is a banner headline, which Rosalee reads:

ROSALEE

"Win a Date with Tad Hamilton!!!"

CATHY

What?!

ROSALEE

It's to benefit Save the Children.

CATHY

Oh, that is so like him.

ROSALEE

Saving children? I know.

PETE

(to himself)
Oh, lord.

ROSALEE

Should I enter?

CATHY

Why not?

PETE

Yeah -- heaven is just a mouse-click away.

ROSALEE

A mouse-click and a hundred-buck donation.

CATHY

We can raise a hundred bucks. With your permission, Petey.

PETE

(looks up, not liking
the sound of it)
I'm sorry?

CUT TO:

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY CHECK-OUT AREA - DAY

The MANY REGISTERS are abuzz with activity; at each, near the change basin, are a DISH and two COIN JARS. The dish is labelled, "Take a Penny, Leave a Penny." The first coin jar is labelled, "Easter Seals." The second coin jar is labelled, "Help Rosalee Win a Date with Tad Hamilton and Save the Children." Cathy finishes ringing up a CUSTOMER.

CATHY

Would you like paper or plastic?

CUSTOMER

Paper, please.

CATHY

And would you like to help Rosalee win a date with Tad Hamilton and save the children?

CUSTOMER

I certainly would.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE

GEORGE RUDDY, 50, holds yet another corporate award plaque, along with a CHECK MADE GOOD by PETE, and speaks by rote, very rapidly, as one might when giving the 88th plaque to the same person.

RUDDY

...great-pleasure-to-present-you-with-this-award-for-top-performance-among-all-Piggly-Wiggly-franchises-in-the-Atlantic-Corridor-along-with-this-check-for-\$125-as-a-gesture-of --

INT. TAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

At the front door, another GORGEOUS WOMAN is kissing Tad goodbye. He's shirtless and wearing an antique quilt like a sarong. It is the kind of a kiss which, from a woman like this, would kill most men, but he handles it just fine, even sneaking a look at his watch. She leaves, beaming. He closes the door and turns to find ALEJANDRA, his housekeeper, a Mexican woman of 60, who is packing up to leave and eyeing Tad disapprovingly.

ALEJANDRA

Adios, Mister.

TAD

Taking off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEJANDRA
Yes, mister.

TAD
Is Pedro gone?

ALEJANDRA
Yes.

TAD
Lupe?

ALEJANDRA
Yes.

TAD
Mrs. Ramirez?

ALEJANDRA
Yes.

TAD
Okay.

ALEJANDRA
Adios, Mister.

TAD
(the only Spanish
sentence he knows)
Hasta el proximo Miercoles

ALEJANDRA
(heard it for years)
Yes, Mister.

And she exits, leaving Tad in this big, cavernous house, utterly alone. He goes into the kitchen. He opens his fridge and sees the DINNERS that Mrs. Ramirez has carefully prepared for him -- just nuke and devour. Each meal is Saran-wrapped and bears a Post-It Note with its suggested microwave time. He selects one, slides it into the microwave, dials in the cook time, and heads for the butler's pantry, tapping the TV remote control on the way. "Star Trek," the original version, comes up on the wall-hung plasma TV.

He comes out of the pantry with an Evian and plops down on the kitchen sofa to watch the ancient episode. World's most eligible bachelor or no, we can see that there's a certain sadness in him, a certain emptiness in his life.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A very modest one-bedroom. On the inexpensive bookshelf are framed pictures, a large percentage of which include Rosalee. There is a picture of Pete and Rosalee from the freshman car wash, another from the senior prom (they are with their respective dates), another from high school graduation, in which they wear caps and gowns, and another from the annual store outing in which, both wearing company softball jerseys, they meet for a conference on a pitcher's mound.

A cheap boom box plays a duet from "Don Carlo." Pete mouths the words along with the tenor and baritone and ACTS OUT BOTH PARTS with operatic exaggeration, using his spatula as a prop, while at the same time sauteeing himself a filet of trout. It's not an expensive meal, and he's not Emeril or anything, but he gives it a little style. He sprinkles on just the right amount of dill, then deftly lifts out the trout and deposits it on a plate next to some russet potatoes and an inviting green salad. The duet ends. He grabs a copy of Oliver Twist, and moves to his modest table to eat.

Grocery store manager or no, there's something special and a little bit heroic about Pete.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - PETE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Cathy and Rosalee finish counting the money from the "Win a Date" jars.

ROSALEE

\$28.40.

CATHY

Not bad.

PETE

I'd say very generous. Nobody ever gave me a nickel to go out on a date.

ROSALEE

It's for Save the Children.

PETE

Don't say it like that, with that noble tone in your voice. You're just using those children to try to get to Tad Hamilton. If you were a child, is that the way you'd want to be saved?

CATHY

No, you're right, Pete -- I'd turn down the inoculations on principle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosalee, ignoring all this, is working figures on a calculator.

ROSALEE

...Add my entire suede jacket fund,
Dad's early birthday gift, and yours
as well, Cathy, thank you...

CATHY

You're welcome.

ROSALEE

...Make no mention of the total lack
of participation from you, Pete...

PETE

Matter of principle. The whole
transaction is on very shaky moral
ground.

ROSALEE

...and I am \$27 short.

Grim silence. Rosie and Cathy subtly look at Pete. Pete
SIGHS, annoyed, and reaches for his AWARD CHECK.

PETE

Cathy, take this up front and cash
it for me, would you?

CATHY

(taking check)

Oh, you are a good and decent man.

ROSALEE

Thank you, Petey.

PETE

It in no way means I condone what
you're doing. It's for the children.

ROSALEE

I know.

(turns to the PC)

All righty, we are, I believe, ready.

CATHY

Good luck, doll.

ROSALEE

Here's to mudcats and mandolins.

And her mouse moves fatefully through the Tad Hamilton ad to
a bar that reads, "Click Here to Enter." She CLICKS.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Tad and the Richard Levys are in floor seats. The scoreboard tells us that the LAKERS are beating the daylights out of the MEMPHIS GRIZZLIES. Tad is eating peanuts and dropping the shells beneath him. His seats are so good that his shells are actually drifting OUT ONTO THE PLAYING SURFACE. The Lakers score, and the Grizz calls time out.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 Why are they the Memphis Grizzlies?
 Is there a Grizzly problem in Memphis
 I don't know about?

The LAKER GIRLS take the floor and go into a dance number. One of them seems to be smiling at Tad.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 One Laker Girl for one hour. This
 is all I ask.
 (then)
 Even a Clipper Girl.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - LATER

The game ends -- a blowout. Tad and the Richard Levys start up the aisle to leave. When the crowd sees Tad's face, a BUZZ begins, and soon grows LOUDER than anything we heard during the game. EVERYONE SMILES and SHOUTS GREETING, as if they know Tad. No matter how many times they witness it, this kid's star power always amazes the Richard Levys.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 Jesus.

The troika moves out quickly.

EXT. SUPER V.I.P. ENTRANCE/EXIT

Tad waits at the exit as his limo approaches. ANDY GARCIA comes to the exit, also waiting for a limo. Seeing Tad:

GARCIA
 Hey, man.

TAD
 Hey, pal. How's it going?

GARCIA
 Great, man. Really great. Hey, I'm
 sorry to hear about that Jimmy Ing
 thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

What do you mean?

GARCIA

(beat; awkwardly, now)

Well, I heard you didn't get it.

TAD

No, man. No. He's just taking a
breath.

GARCIA

(beat, then, charitably)

Oh, right, he's just taking a breath.

TAD

Yeah.

GARCIA

All right, well, cool. Good luck.

TAD

Thanks.

Tad's limo arrives, stopping so close to the exit that Tad is only momentarily exposed as he walks to the rear door, which is held open by his driver. But even in those nanoseconds, "TAD!" "HEY, TAD!" etc. is bellowed from the PAPARAZZI and the STAR-GAZERS who wait behind the police barriers. Tad ducks into the car.

INT. LIMO

The door closes behind him, and Tad looks up to see that same smiling

LAKER GIRL

sitting fetchingly on the opposite seat. Tad is surprised, but not unpleasantly.

TAD

Hello.

LAKER GIRL

Hi.

TAD

How did you, uh...?

LAKER GIRL

Your driver said you might not mind.

A beat. He smiles, eyes fixed on her.

EXT. LIMO

It pulls away, the Laker girl inside.

INT. BILLY THE KID'S - WHEELING - NIGHT

A local watering hole. Pete, Rosalee and Cathy are at the bar. The walls are adorned with pictures of the outlaw Billy the Kid, the only famous person ever to come from -- or, for that matter, to -- Wheeling, West Virginia. The bartender, ANGELICA, is a sexy, attractive, but not exactly wholesome-looking woman.

ROSALEE

(teasingly)

Pete, won't you get the bar tenderess's attention, please?

PETE

Rosalee, why do you bring me here?
For your own entertainment?

ROSALEE

I happen to think that the two of
you might make a very good match
someday.

PETE

Yes, someday when we're both
completely different people.

CATHY

It's your turn to buy a round, Pete.

Pete SIGHS and calls to the bartender.

PETE

Angelica?

She zips right over, happy to do anything for Pete. She's aggressive, fearless, and the owner of a deep, lustful crush on him that she makes no effort to disguise.

ANGELICA

Yes, Pete -- what is the object of
your desire?

PETE

Uh, another round, please.

As Angelica takes their glasses, Rosalee and Cathy watch the show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELICA

One day, Pete, I know that the answer to that question will be, "You, Angelica. You are the object of my desire."

PETE

Um, okay, but in the meantime, just the drinks.

ANGELICA

(looks at him)

My G-d, you are a handsome man.

PETE

Th, uh, thank you.

INT. PETE'S HYUNDAI EXCEL - LATER

Pete drives Cathy and Rosalee home. The Hyundai BELCHES MIGHTILY, as is its wont. Cathy and Rosalee are having a great LAUGH at Pete's expense.

ROSALEE

(mocking Angelica)

"My God, you are a handsome man."

PETE

Okay, that's enough.

But the girls remain in hysterics.

ROSALEE

You don't like her the littlest bit?

PETE

She's not my type, Rosie. For one thing, she's got too damn many tattoos. A man's got to know where to focus.

ROSALEE

You are so particular.

As they approach Rosalee's garden apartment, they see something of a commotion going on outside. A closer look reveals a CLUTCH of CAMERAS, NEWSPEOPLE and NEWSVANS. Rosalee realizes who they must be.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Holy smokes.

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

One of the newsmen is trying to interview Rosalee, who is JUMPING up and down and SCREAMING gleefully.

INT. YEAGER AIRPORT - WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

Rosalee, Pete and Cathy flanking her, sits at the gate waiting for the boarding call. The same press corps is b.g.

ROSALEE

...And they said that in the First Class cabin, you get a personal DVD player, and may view the film of your choice.

CATHY

(amazed)
Jesus Christ on the cross in the morning.

PETE

What movies will you "view"?

ROSALEE

It's going to be a Tad Hamilton film festival.

PETE

There's a shock.

ROSALEE

You can't fully appreciate his movies until the third or fourth viewing.

PETE

That explains it, then.

GROUND CREW CHIEF

(On P.A.)

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time we'll begin boarding our First Class passengers...

Cathy and Rosalee reflexively SQUEAL.

CATHY

That's you!

ROSALEE

I know!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

(wincing at the shrieks)
All right, easy there.

ROSALEE

Oh, Petey, just gimme a hug and tell me to have a good time, would you please?

PETE

You just be careful.

ROSALEE

What do you mean?

PETE

I mean the guy's Tad Hamilton. In his life, he's probably slept with, like,
(as if it's a million)
fifteen or twenty women.

ROSALEE

(scoffs)
No way. That's not even physically possible. Besides -- like Tad Hamilton's really gonna be interested in me.

PETE

Rosalee, he's a guy. And you are an attractive if pinheaded girl.

ROSALEE

You're living in a world of fiction, Peter.

PETE

Here's how you'll know, okay? If at any point in the date he claims that he doesn't really like watching sports, he's just trying to sleep with you.

ROSALEE

(rolls her eyes)
Got it.

PETE

And if he claims to love animals? He's really trying to sleep with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE
Okay then, Pete.

PETE
Guys are guys, Rosalee. I don't
care who he is.

ROSALEE
Uh huh.

PETE
(a little too loudly)
You just guard your carnal treasure,
all right?

Rosalee looks around at other passengers, who heard that and
are looking at her.

ROSALEE
(embarrassed)
Yes, okay, thank you.

Cathy hugs her.

Remember everything.

I will.

CATHY
Remember how he smells.

ROSALEE
I will.

CATHY
But not just vaguely. I want good,
solid similes. For example, "He
smells like a forest on the first
day of spring, after a lightning
storm, when --"

PETE
(can't take it anymore)
Cathy, she's gonna miss the plane.

ROSALEE
I will bring you similes.

CATHY
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And with this, the beaming Rosalee collects herself and walks to the gate. She gives her ticket to the BOARDING AGENT and starts down the jetway, smiling back at her friends, already having the time of her life.

CUE MUSIC: Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side."

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF ANGLES:

A) Rosie comes down the "Arrivals" escalator and walks right past a sign held by a LIMO DRIVER that reads, "Futch." After a step or two, it registers, and she doubles back, astonished, to the limo driver.

B) Rosie, the limo driver behind her with a Smartcart and her luggage, walks gape-mouthed from the baggage claim area into the L.A. sun. She feels the hot air. She sees the perfect midriff on a passing YOUNG WOMAN. She sees someone who is probably GENE HACKMAN. This is the promised land.

C) At the limo, not knowing any better, she doesn't wait for the driver to open the door for her. He hustles to do it, but he's too late.

D) Rosalee gets out of the limo in the drive of the Peninsula Hotel. Agape at the swankiness, at the beauty and put-togetherness of EVERYONE around her, she enters the lobby.

E) Rosalee is staggered by the luxury of her hotel room -- the more so when she realizes that it's a suite, and there's a whole big second room.

F) Rosie's car pulls up to the entrance, where Rosie is waiting. She goes to open the door for herself again, but this time, sprinting, the DOORMAN beats her to it. She thanks him once as he opens it, again as she gets in, and a third time just before he closes the door.

G) Rosalee enters the intimidating outer room of Maxfield. It is decorated in a severely minimalist style that confuses her -- she looks around for items for sale and at first finds none. Finally, she spots a solitary gray sweater sitting on a rock. She makes for it. She picks it up. It seems like a nice-enough sweater. She holds it up against herself. It looks like it might fit. She pokes around for the price tag. She finds it, reads it... and begins LAUGHING -- HOWLING with laughter, actually. A judgmental, wafer-thin SALESPERSON looks on. Rosalee re-folds the sweater, puts it back down on its rock, and exits. The salesperson waits over and pointlessly re folds her refolding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

H) Rosalee has a "Map of Stars' Homes" in her hand as the limo pulls up in front of a gated driveway that's flanked by hedges. A GARDENER blows leaves into the street. Soon, it's clear that this is all there is to see, and Rosalee asks the driver to drive off.

I) The limo drives up in front of another row of hedges, with another driveway gate and another GARDENER blowing leaves. Rosalee takes in the scene for a moment, which is a moment longer than it held her interest.

J) The limo drives up to yet another closed driveway gate, hedge row, and leaf-blowing GARDENER. Rosalee rolls her eyes, and the limo drives away.

K) Rosalee follows the stars on the Walk of Fame, past the Chinese Theater. To her chagrin, a dog is pooping on Esther Williams.

MUSIC OUT.

INT. TAD'S MANSION - DRIVE-IN CLOSET - EVENING

Richard Levy the Younger is selecting Tad's clothes for him. Tad sits glumly on a George Smith chair. Richard Levy the Older examines Tad's Nikes, of which there are some 30 pairs.

TAD

Do I have to go?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

It'll be perfectly painless.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER

(re: a pair of Nikes)

Can I have these?

TAD

(to Levy the Younger)

It's already not painless. Tell me again why you're making me have dinner with an Okie?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Because she's wholesome as fuck. And she's not an Okie. She's from West Virginia.

TAD

(big difference)

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 (re: Nikes)
 You don't wear 'em. I've never seen
 you wear 'em.

TAD
 What's her name, anyway?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 Rosalee Futch.

TAD
 Sounds insanely hot.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 Just follow the rules:

Tad speaks by rote, annoyed:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER / TAD
 Keep smiling for the cameras, and no
 brown liquor or cigarettes.

TAD
 (wearily)
 Fine.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 (looking for size of
 Nike)
 What are you, a ten and a half?

CUT TO:

INT. ROSALEE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rosalee has been ready for three hours. She sits on the
 bed, rehearsing herself.

ROSALEE
 It's very nice to meet you, Tad.
 (then)
 So nice to meet you, Tad.
 (then)
 Great to meet you.
 (then)
 I'll have the soft shell crabs.
 (then)
 I think, Tad, that I will have the
 soft shell crabs.

A moment. She shifts positions, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

"Your films will stand the test of time."

(then)

"Your films will stand the test of time."

(then)

"Your films will stand the test of time."

The room DOORBELL rings. She GASPS, shuts her eyes, mouths "Your films will stand the test of time," then goes to the door and opens it.

TAD HAMILTON

is there. And as carefully as she has prepared herself for this moment, nothing could have steeled her against this man's instant, overwhelming, makes-your-panties-slide-off-of-their-own-volition brand of appeal.

TAD

(that smile)

Hi. I'm Tad.

A beat, then:

ROSALEE

Your films will stand the testicle of time.

She covers her mouth, mortified. He smiles, used to flummoxed women.

TAD

Uh, thank you.

(surprised)

You're very pretty.

She makes a COUGHING, CHORTLING, OVERWHELMED sound.

TAD (CONT'D)

It's Roseanne, right?

She shakes her head, afraid to speak again.

TAD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry -- what is it?

She waves him off -- doesn't matter."

TAD (CONT'D)

Come on. Rosalyn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shakes her head.

TAD (CONT'D)
Rosamund?

She shakes her head. Then, finally, she croaks out:

ROSALEE
Rosalee.

TAD
Rosalee.

She nods.

TAD (CONT'D)
You ready?

She nods.

TAD (CONT'D)
Good..

And he holds the door open for her. She drifts out into the hallway, eyes on him, entranced. The door closes. A moment, and then the door reopens, and Rosalee re-enters, grabs her sweater and purse, then quickly exits again.

INT. HALLWAY

Tad and Rosalee walk down the hallway to the elevators, where Tad rings for one. Rosalee is agape the whole way.

TAD
So, how was the flight?

A long beat, as she stares at him, glassy-eyed. Then:

ROSALEE
Test.

TAD
(narrows his eyebrows)
Pardon?

ROSALEE
Of time.

TAD
Ah.

The elevator doors open, and they get in.

INT. ELEVATOR / LOBBY

Tad pushes the button for the lobby. The elevator descends. They are alone. After a moment:

TAD
Are you ready?

ROSALEE
For what?

Tad smiles. The elevator doors OPEN, and Tad and Rosalee step into a SEA OF INQUIRING EYES, VIDEO CAMERAS, REPORTERS and STILL PHOTOGRAPHERS. HOTEL GUESTS and EMPLOYEES swivel their necks and stop talking in mid-sentence when they catch sight of Tad. A gaze or two even falls upon the unknown woman who would seem to be in Tad Hamilton's company.

EXT. HOTEL DRIVE

Out the front door Tad and Rosalee go. A driver holds the limo door open for them. They get in quickly.

INT. LIMO

Rosalee settles on the side-facing seat, Tad on the front-facing one. The driver re-enters, and the car starts off.

ROSALEE
Is it always like that?

TAD
Pretty much.

ROSALEE
Shake-a-doo.

TAD
(laughs)
What?

ROSALEE
It just means, "Wow."

TAD
Oh.
(liking the sound of
it)
Shake-a-doo.

Rosalee starts to look a little green. Beads of perspiration begin to appear on her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD (CONT'D)

So, you excited?

ROSALEE

Are you kidding? This is like a
fairy tale.

-- But she looks queasier by the second.

TAD

You okay?

ROSALEE

Oh, yeah. It's just... kinda funny
sitting sideways like this. We don't
have sideways seating in West
Virginia.

TAD

Would you like to come back here?

ROSALEE

(very queasy)

I, uh, can't really move right now.

TAD

You can't?

ROSALEE

I've always been sort of motion
sickness-y. Once, this carnival
came to Wheeling, and they had that
ride where you stand against the
side and it spins around and the
center falls out, and I, uh...

(then)

Pardon me.

And with this, she leans out of frame and VOMITS PROFUSELY.
Tad's eyes widen.

EXT. IVY RESTAURANT

At the curb, Rosalee, Tad and the driver stand outside the
limo and peer into the back seat.

ROSALEE

This is just so far from the way I
imagined the evening going.

TAD

No, hey, it's perfectly all right.
Right, Mickey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER
(not happy)
It's perfectly all right.

TAD
It's very refreshing. It's the first
time I've ever seen a woman throw up
before she eats.

ROSALEE
("How about that")
Huhh.

TAD
(sotto, to driver)
Let's have it detailed.

DRIVER
(sotto back)
Believe me.

TAD
Do you still feel like a meal?

ROSALEE
(always)
I do, actually

TAD
(smiles; indicates
restaurant)
Okay, then. Shall we?

EXT. IVY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They settle in at the primo porch table. All eyes are on them. The newspeople and photographers hover on the Robertson Boulevard sidewalk, every so often SHOOTING a candid or some B-roll. Tad's face is held constantly in a grin for their benefit.

ROSALEE
Doesn't that hurt, smiling like that
all the time?

TAD
You get used to it.

ROSALEE
Should I do it?

TAD
You might not be able to hold it
very long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

Sure I will.

TAD

(knows better)

Okay. Then go ahead.

ON ROSALEE

as she tries it. For a few seconds, it's no problem holding the smile. But then it begins to hurt a little. Then, a lot. Before long, she is in tremendous pain, trying to hold her face in what has become less a smile and more a twisted grimace. Finally, she gives up.

ROSALEE

That's horrible!

She rubs her cheeks.

TAD

I told you.

Tad takes out his keys, cell phone, cigarettes, lighter and Blackberry, and puts them all on the table.

ROSALEE

Don't you have any pockets?

TAD

Sorry. I have to make sure I'm never out of touch with the people who torture and torment me.

ROSALEE

Who are they?

TAD

Oh, agents, managers, people like that.

ROSALEE

(scoffs)

Yeah, you must live a real tortured life.

TAD

It's just very competitive, that's all, the business. And so it's a little less fun than people think. Everyone's chasing the same thing, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE
(casually)
Well, maybe you should be chasing
something else.

TAD

sits up a little straighter. He's never thought of such a
thing. He smiles, impressed with her.

TAD
So, Rosalee. What do you do?

ROSALEE
(beginning to relax)
I work in a Piggly Wiggly.

TAD
(never heard of it)
I'm sorry?

ROSALEE
A supermarket.

Oh.

ROSALEE
I bag and check.

TAD
Cool.

ROSALEE
(snorts)
Yeah, it's a dream come true. But
eventually, I'm gonna be a social
worker.

TAD
Really?

Over the following, Tad watches her, drawn in, liking her,
enjoying the sound of her voice...

ROSALEE
(nods)
First I gotta go back and finish at
WVU. I was a sophomore there when
my Mom died and my Dad got laid off.
I had to move back home to support
him, 'cause he's still a few years
away from Social Security. But when
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

he hits 62, I'm back at school the next week.

TAD

Good for you.

ROSALEE

In the meantime, I like my job. My best friend Cathy works there. You'd love her. She's very sophisticated. And my other friend Pete. I've known him since Ulysses S. Grant Elementary School. And I've been fighting with him since William Jennings Bryan Middle School.

(then, lost in an irritated thought about Pete)

So, um, what do you do, Tad?

(then, realizing)

Oops.

Rosalee LAUGHS at herself, which Tad finds most endearing.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

What do you do when you're not, you know, doing that?

TAD

Not a lot, you know. There's not much time left for hobbies. And I don't really like watching sports, so...

Rosalee's smile disappears momentarily, but she quickly puts it back.

TAD (CONT'D)

...you know, I read, I play with my dog, and my cat, and my bird, and my alpaca. I love animals.

Rosalee's smile disappears momentarily again, then she puts it back on again. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

What can I start you off with?

ROSALEE

(better than the rehearsals)

I'll have the soft shell crab, please, and then the fried chicken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITER

Okay. A drink to begin, or...?

Rosalee blushes. She hadn't realized he was only asking for a drink order.

ROSALEE

Oh. Uh... wine?

WAITER

What kind?

ROSALEE

Uh... do you have cherry?

WAITER

Cherry wine? Uh, sadly, no.

ROSALEE

(struggling)

Well, what do you suggest?

TAD

(to the rescue)

Give us a bottle of the Chateauneuf des Papes, if you would.

WAITER

Very good.

And he goes.

ROSALEE

(To Tad)

Thank you. I'm not good at wine. Wheeling's sort of a Boone's Farm kind of town.

TAD

I remember Boone's Farm.

ROSALEE

You do?

TAD

Used to love the cherry.

ROSALEE

The cherry's good. You ever have the apple?

TAD

Never had the apple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

The apple's unbelievable. You have the apple, you may never go back to the cherry.

TAD

I will have to try it.

ROSALEE

(playfully)

But I knew they wouldn't have the apple.

They smile at each other, Rosalee liking Tad despite Pete's warning-come-true, Tad surprised to be so taken with this girl.

INT. BILLY THE KID'S - NIGHT

Pete and Cathy are at the bar, which is quiet.

PETE

What do you suppose they're doing now?

CATHY

I bet they're in her hotel room, straining for breath, his manhood yearning to be free, her hands running over the ripples in his abdomen, her perfect bosom crying out in ecstasy. (then, all worked up)
I'll be back in a couple of minutes.

And she heads for the ladies room. Pete watches her with some concern. Seeing Pete alone, Angelica takes up a stance directly across the bar from him.

ANGELICA

Hi.

PETE

Hi.

ANGELICA

How are you?

PETE

Fine.

There is a bowl of popcorn on the bar. Angelica leans over so that most of her breasts are visible to Pete, selects a popcorn kernel, and begins sexily eating the little ears off the kernel, one at a time, with a big smile, until there is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

nothing left but the core of the kernel, which she slowly draws into her mouth with her tongue. Next to the popcorn bowl, there's a cylinder of pretzel rods. She reaches for one.

PETE (CONT'D)

I have to go.

And he hustles off the stool and out of the bar.

INT. IVY RESTAURANT LATER

Tad and Rosalee are LAUGHING and enjoying their wine.

ROSALEE

...And I thought, what planet is Los Angeles on? Sweaters cost \$1400, and nobody ever heard of a rake.

TAD

It's not a sane place. To stay normal, you have to look in the mirror every day and ask yourself: "Have I become an asshole yet?"

ROSALEE

Uh huh. 'Course, if you're really an asshole, the answer's probably always "no."

TAD

(beat)

That's a pretty good point. I may need a new system.

The waiter arrives with the appetizers.

WAITER

(setting them down)

Soft shell crabs, grilled salad.

ROSALEE / TAD

Thank you. / Thanks.

ROSALEE

I just need a nutcracker, when you get a chance, sir.

WAITER

Uh, ma'am, I think you'll enjoy it more just with a fork and knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE
(mortified, realizing)
Oh. Right. Thanks.

The waiter departs.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
Forgot they were soft shell. Thought
they were regular-shell.

TAD
Oh, no, sure.

ROSALEE
("Time to dig in")
All righty, then.

And now Tad watches as Rosalee reaches into her mouth and takes her RETAINER out of her lower palette. She puts it down on the tablecloth next to her. She has no idea that this is any sort of faux pas. And he certainly isn't going to tell her. He couldn't be more charmed.

TAD
Bon appetite.

ROSALEE
Mm hnnn.

She tentatively cuts into her (soft) shell crab with the fork and knife. It works.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Son of a gun.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - LATER

The limo treads lightly around the tight turns.

INT. LIMO

Tad and Rosalee are in the back, Rosalee next to him, now, and facing forward.

TAD
Slow enough?

ROSALEE
Perfect.

He opens the wall-mounted bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD
Would you like a drink?

ROSALEE
In the actual moving car?

TAD
Why not?

ROSALEE
I don't know. Just seems like you're asking for it.

TAD
(beat)
You're right.

He closes the bar and pulls out his cigarettes.

TAD (CONT'D)
Do you smoke?

ROSALEE
No.
(scowls disapprovingly
at the cigarettes)
Do you?

Tad sees the scowl and slides the pack back into his pocket.

TAD
Not really, no.

ROSALEE
Good.

Tad smiles, taking it all in great humor. He notices something out the window.

TAD
I want you to see this.
(calls forward)
Mickey, pull us over, would you?

EXT. LIMO

It pulls onto the observation point east of Laurel Canyon. Tad and Rosalee get out, Rosalee beaming at the lights of the Valley spread out below.

ROSALEE
(breathily)
Wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tad nods. Rosalee spans the view with her hand.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

I can see all the way from that strip mall over there... to that strip mall over there. It's beautiful.

TAD

It is.

(turns to her)

And you, if I may say so, are also beautiful.

Rosalee looks at him and can't keep herself from LAUGHING.

ROSALEE

You gotta stop saying stuff like that, okay?

TAD

Why? It's true.

ROSALEE

No it's not. And even if it were, you gotta stop saying it.

TAD

Okay.

He smiles, takes in the view for another moment, and then:

TAD (CONT'D)

Would you like to come back to the house for a little while?

A beat, and then, with some trepidation:

ROSALEE

Sure -- for a little while.

INT. TAD'S MANSION - NIGHT

Tad leads the way in. Rosalee is slack-jawed.

TAD

(hopefully)

Shake-a-doo?

ROSALEE

Fuckin' A.

TAD

Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

I mean, you know, it's not exactly
my taste, but...

He smiles.

TAD

(calls)

Alejandra? Pedro? Lupe? Mrs.
Ramirez?

ROSALEE

Who are they?

TAD

They cook and clean.

ROSALEE

You must be very hungry and sloppy.

TAD

(smiles)

I think we're all alone.

This snaps her back to reality.

ROSALEE

Oh.

Suddenly, she feels rooted to the threshold.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Where's the cat and the dog and the
bird and the alpaca?

TAD

Good question.

(CALLING; making the
names up)

Arnie? Butch? Lily? Konstantin?

(then, to Rosie)

It's anybody's guess.

She nods charitably.

TAD (CONT'D)

(then)

Would you like to... come farther
in?

A beat. Rosalee knows what he's asking. And while he may
be a movie star -- and while she likes him despite his little
deceptions -- she still has her rules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

You know what, Tad, thank you, but I think I should be getting back to the hotel. I don't want the concierge to worry.

Tad smiles at the white lie. He doesn't mind it, even though this is probably the first time in years that he's been turned down. She's a good woman responding the way good women do.

TAD

Come on -- I'll take you back.

ROSALEE

Oh, no, you don't have to do that. You're home already.

TAD

It'll be my pleasure.

ROSALEE

Okay. That's really nice.

EXT. PENINSULA HOTEL - WATER

The limo pulls into the drive and stops.

INT. LIMO

Tad turns to Rosalee and smiles.

TAD

Rosalee, it's been wonderful to meet you. I wish you only good things in life.

ROSALEE

And to me, wonderfulness, too, and to you, those only good self-same wishes.

She cocks her head at the bizarre sentence.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

You know what I'm saying. Thank you for the best night of my life.

TAD

Thank you. May I give you a kiss goodbye?

Rosalee looks at him, trying to keep her composure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

Oh, I think you maybe might may.

He smiles, leans over, and kisses her, tastefully, tonguelessly, but masterfully.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - SAME EXACT INSTANT

Pete, who had finally fallen asleep, bolts awake, he knows not why. He looks around, confused, and then tries to settle back down.

INT. LIMO - LOS ANGELES

Tad ends the kiss gracefully. Then he looks at Rosalee, and she makes a little sound from the back of her throat, like a SMALL OWL HAVING A VERY HAPPY MOMENT. Tad smiles, utterly delighted by her.

EXT. LIMO

Mickey stands at the limo door as Rosalee, doing her best to hold it together, walks from the limo toward the lobby door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY/ELEVATOR/ROSALEE'S ROOM

Rosalee goes through the lobby, managing a dignified nod for the lobby staff. She gets onto the elevator with a couple of other PASSENGERS, and contains herself for the two-story ride. She gets off the elevator, walks down the hall past a DELIVERY PERSON, enters her room, closes the door behind her, and immediately...

SPAZZES OUT IN A CONVULSIVE DISPLAY OF DELIGHT

that includes laughter, clutching her head in her hands, spinning around on the floor, and a somersault. She comes to earth, after, say, half a minute of this, at the FEET OF A PARLOR MAID, who, a little alarmed, looks down at Rosalee.

MAID

Turn-down service?

ROSALEE

Please.

INT. AIRPLANE - THE NEXT DAY

Rosalee is in her seat as the "Tad-Hamilton-at-the-airport" scene from earlier plays on the video screen. The WOMAN next to Rosalee bawls openly as the scene ends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN
 (Re: Tad)
 He's from heaven.

Rosalee nods, but this time it's not just starstruck naivete talking, it's personal knowledge. She smiles to herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TAD'S SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Tad is on a chaise reading the Los Angeles Times and lingering over a PICTURE of Rosalee taken at the restaurant.

After a moment, Tad hears the GROWL of a propeller plane flying low. He looks up and sees a small speck -- a person? -- fall out the open cabin door. Is the speck in trouble?

No. There's a WHOOSH and a FLAP, and then a parachute opens. The spec is indeed a person, who is now gliding harmlessly toward the earth -- toward, in fact, Tad and his swimming pool.

The person gets closer. Tad can see that she's a woman. She gets closer yet, revealing herself to be young, beautiful, and completely naked.

She steers deftly, a big smile on her face, and lands in the shallow end of the pool. She slides out of her harness and swims to the ladder near Tad. She gets out, her every move graceful, and stands in front of him, naked, gorgeous, grinning, willing, dripping. A moment, then:

WOMAN
 My name is Heather.

TAD
 (smiles genially)
 Of course it is. Great landing.

WOMAN
 Thanks.

TAD
 The last person sprained her ankle.

WOMAN
 Oh.

TAD
 Heather, you're trespassing, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

I heard that's okay with you.

A little embarrassed, he looks down.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I heard you'll ask me in anyway.

A beat, then:

TAD

I can't believe I'm going to say this, but, no.

WOMAN

(surprised)

No?

TAD

No. I'm sorry.

WOMAN

Oh.

A beat. Suddenly the situation is very awkward.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

May I use your phone?

INT. WHEELING PIGGLY WIGGLY - BACK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Pete, Rosalee and Cathy are having their lunch. Rosalee is finishing what has obviously been a very detailed re-telling of her evening with Tad.

ROSALEE

Mickey opened the limo door. My foot hit the ground and I turned to take one last look at Tad. At those eyes. At that smile. Then, regretfully, I started for the hotel.

A pause.

PETE

Please tell me we're done now.

ROSALEE

We're done.

PETE

I cannot remember a time before you started telling that story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

Peter, I was asked to provide a detailed description of the evening.

PETE

How can the story of the date take longer than the date itself?

CATHY

You are such a killjoy.

PETE

Enough about Tad Hamilton. Heck, you wouldn't even care about the guy if he weren't so good-looking.
(gradually realizing)
And successful. And rich. And charming.

ROSALEE

You've got me there.

PETE

Okay, can we ~~all~~ just get back to our lives, now?

ROSALEE / CATHY

(reluctantly)
Yes.

Rosalee turns her attention to the PC.

PETE

Good. I'm looking forward to ten seconds without a mention of the guy.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

ROSALEE

Come in.

The door opens and

TAD

enters. Cathy and Pete are wide-eyed at the sight of him. Pete stands up reflexively, as though Douglas MacArthur had just walked in the room. Cathy, instantly smitten beyond even her own expectations, lets tuna fall from her sandwich. But Rosalee's eyes are still on the computer -- she doesn't yet realize Tad's there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

(chewing)

I'll just say one more thing. Tad's lips had an actual taste. They were sweet. You know how you hear in songs, "sweet lips"?

(sings)

"Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone"? That type of thing? Well, I always thought that was nonsense, but I'm here to tell you, Tad Hamilton's lips? It's like they have just a little bit of powdered sugar sprinkled on them.

TAD

Thank you.

Rosalee looks up, now, and sees Tad. Her eyes bug out. She says nothing.

TAD (CONT'D)

Hi.

She swallows her food in bulk.

ROSALEE

Hi.

(then)

What are you doing here?

TAD

I came to see you.

ROSALEE

What?

She stares at him, very thrown. Tad turns to the others.

TAD

Hi. I'm Tad.

ROSALEE

Uh, this is my friend, Cathy.

CATHY

(deeply in love)

Hello.

ROSALEE

And my other friend, Pete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE
 (even guys lose it a
 little around Tad)
 Quite pleased and pleasant to make
 your know.

Pete squints, wondering what he just said.

TAD
 I've heard a lot about you both.

CATHY / PETE
 Have you? / Sacre bleu.

Pete squints again. Rosalee stares at Tad, still incredulous.

ROSALEE
 You came here to see me?

TAD
 Yes.

CATHY
 (comingly)
 You mean to say your normal business
 itinerary does not include Wheeling,
 West Virginia?

ROSALEE
 Hey, Blanche DuBois, why don't you
 give it a rest?

CATHY
 (loving eyes on Tad)
 Can a girl not make some pleasant
 banter with a stranger?

TAD
 (turns to Rosalee)
 Am I too late to take you to lunch?

Rosalee shoves her empty sandwich bag, soup bowl, Pringles
 can and Baby Ruth wrapper off the desk and into the garbage.

ROSALEE
 Why, no.

Pete rolls his eyes.

TAD
 Great. Shall we?

ROSALEE
 Um, sure. If it's okay, Pete?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Well, actually --

ROSALEE

(eyes like daggers)

If-it-is-okay, Pe-eete.

PETE

Okay. I'll put you back on at two.

ROSALEE

Thank you.

CATHY

At which point, Tad, if you're leaving town, I will ride with you to the airport, and by the Route 73 Cloverleaf I will have given myself to you in ways you only read about in the drugstore.

A beat. Everyone looks at her.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Hey, you want a shy girl, go by the church.

TAD

(to Pete and Cathy)

It was very nice to meet you both.

PETE / CATHY

Uh, yeah. / Oh yes.

Tad opens the door to the selling floor, revealing EVERY EMPLOYEE AND CUSTOMER IN THE PLACE bunched at the doorway.

ROSALEE

All right, okay, nothing to see, here. Go back to your aisles.

Rosalee and Tad head for the exit, the crowd following them like a golf course gallery.

Pete watches Tad and Rosalee go, none too pleased. Cathy watches Pete watch them, and her wheels begin to turn.

EXT. PARKING LOT / INT. TAD'S RENTED CHEVY IMPALA

He holds the door for her. She gets in. He comes around to the other side and gets in.

ROSALEE

Nice car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD
(embarrassed)
Best they had.

ROSALEE
No, I mean it. This is a really
nice car.

TAD
Oh. Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - CONDIMENT AISLE - LATER

Cathy is handing Pete olive jars. He is pricing them with a pricing gun and putting them on a shelf.

PETE
So, I don't understand. They had
their date. What is he doing here?

CATHY
He likes her.

PETE
Enough to come here?

CATHY
Hey, Rosalee's one in a million.
Maybe he's smart enough to realize
that.

PETE
Fine. But he's not allowed to come
here. He should just take that
knowledge and stay with it there in
Los Angeles.

Cathy looks at her friend. She suppresses a devious smile,
and begins:

CATHY
Now, Pete, I hope you're not thinking
about interceding in their business.

PETE
Of course not.

CATHY
Good. Cause that would be wrong.
Rosie's a big girl. And if she feels
that she can handle this guy, you
need to stay out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I agree.

CATHY

I mean, yes, she does tend toward a rather innocent and childlike outlook on life. And, yes, he is a legendary ruiner of women. But still, it's her choice. And you need to restrain yourself.

Pete accidentally prices his thumb.

PETE

Ow.

(then)

I will.

CATHY

I mean, sure, it's tempting to look into the crystal ball and say, "Let's be honest: he's going to be with her for ten or several minutes, after which she'll never be the same," but that is not ~~the~~ place.

Pete prices his thumb again.

PETE

Ow.

(then)

No, you're right, it isn't

(then)

I thought any girl would be lucky to be with Tad Hamilton for any length of time.

CATHY

Any girl who could do it on an even keel. But Rosie can't. That's the beauty of Rosie. Poor girl just never learned the meaning of lusty, recreational, grindy, meaningless sex.

Pete prices his thumb again.

PETE

Ow!

CATHY

But, sometimes, Pete, we have to let people make their own mistakes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY (CONT'D)

Even if it is the lambs to the slaughter. The Christians to the lions. The fox in the chicken coop. The cheetah chasing the beautiful, young, lone zebra. The osprey swooping down on the unsuspecting brook trout. The diamondback slowly bringing its deadly, gaping jaw to the neck of the sleeping --

Pete does it again.

PETE

OW!

INT. SIZZLER RESTAURANT - SALAD BAR - DAY

Rosalee takes heaping helpings as Tad eyes the various fatty offerings with a scowl. OTHER CUSTOMERS recognize him and try to be nonchalant about the fact that there's a mega-celebrity in a Sizzler in Wheeling, West Virginia. But people are MISSING THINGS with tongs and EMPTYING SALAD DRESSING LADLES onto the floor instead of their plates. One WOMAN, pretending to be looking for something, circles the salad bar repeatedly so as to get as many looks at Tad as possible.

ROSALEE

What are you gonna have?

TAD

I'll go out on a limb and say,
"something with mayonnaise in it."

INT. SIZZLER - SEATING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

They slide into a booth, he with a modest plate of greens and a little dressing, she with a week's provisions.

ROSALEE

Don't you ever eat?

TAD

I eat. But I try to stay away from
complex carbs after noon.

ROSALEE

Oh, uh huh.

She pops out her retainer and takes a mighty mouthful of complex carbs. He was ready for the retainer this time.

TAD

I had one of those.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

(chewing)

A retainer?

TAD

On the lowers, and a night brace on the uppers. I had really bad teeth as a kid.

ROSALEE

Yeah, I'm sure you were a real ugly duckling.

TAD

I was like anybody else. A little gawky. Unsure who I was. Combination skin.

ROSALEE

Well, you came together nicely.

TAD

Thanks. And thanks for coming out with me.

ROSALEE

I still can't believe you're here.

TAD

It was something I had to do.

ROSALEE

Fly clear across the country -- and by the way, the social spectrum -- to have lunch at the Sizzler?

TAD

I couldn't let the other night be the last time I ever saw you.

ROSALEE

Okay, let me just stop you right there and remind you of one thing.

TAD

What's that?

ROSALEE

You're Tad Hamilton. Do you understand?

TAD

So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

And I'm, you know, me.

TAD

So? We're both human beings, aren't we?

ROSALEE

No. I mean, yes. But I'm nobody.

TAD

Nobody's nobody.

ROSALEE

Fine, but if anybody were nobody it would be me.

TAD

You mean to say we can't be friends?

ROSALEE

Friends?

TAD

That's all I'm asking, Rosalee.

ROSALEE

(surprised, and a little disappointed, despite herself)

Oh.

TAD

You see, when we went on our date, you said something that really resonated with me. You said, "maybe you should be chasing something else" besides career success. And I thought about that. I thought about how my entire life, since I was a teenager, has been about becoming successful, becoming famous, becoming this... thing that I am. And I realized, maybe it's time to put really important things first. Like matters of the heart. And soul. Questions of well-being. And then I thought, how better to do that than by surrounding myself with a different kind of person, a solid and substantial person who seems to understand life and know how to live it in a good and happy way. Like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD (CONT'D)

you. I'm lost, Rosie. But I want to be found. I'm blind, but I want to see. I just want to be in your life. I want a little bit of your goodness to rub off on me. And I want to give you whatever meager benefits I can in return.

ROSALEE

(trying to process)

You... just want to be in my life?
As friends?

TAD

Yeah. I mean, if that's okay.

ROSALEE

Here in Wheeling?

TAD

Again, if you don't mind. If I'm gonna reset my priorities, I gotta get out of L.A. I gotta get out of the fishbowl.

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

we can see that the ENTIRE RESTAURANT is watching them through the glass divider above their banquet, such that they appear exactly as if they were in a fishbowl. Rosalee laughs to herself, still trying to absorb what she's heard.

ROSALEE

Tad Hamilton wants to be in my life.

TAD

That's right.

ROSALEE

Well, here's to mudcats and mandolins.

TAD

What does that mean?

ROSALEE

Oh, it's a just a thing my Dad and me say sometimes, when life surprises you in that way that it has, and it doesn't matter anyway because there's no place to go but forward.

TAD

I like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him, as he smiles that smile.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tad and Rosalee stand outside his car, shaking hands. She is still in a bit of a daze over events.

TAD

See you at seven, then?

ROSALEE

See you at seven.

TAD

Okay.

He jumps coolly into his car and takes off. Rosalee turns and approaches the Piggly Wiggly. Through the store window, we can see

EVERYBODY

watching her -- customers and employees alike. Commerce has come to a complete halt. Every car in the lot is at a standstill as the DRIVERS watch her, too. ERROL, the shopping cart collector, has also stopped to watch her, his 30 STUCK-TOGETHER SHOPPING CARTS motionless in front of him. CLYDE, a homeless man, and his dog ROCHELLE are watching her. Rosalee steps onto the sensor for the store doors, which swing open.

INT. STORE

Rosalee enters. The instant the doors close, the place gives her a STANDING OVATION. Embarrassed, she smiles, averts her eyes, and heads for the back. Only Pete, tucked off in a corner, unseen by Rosalee, isn't clapping.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Tad is receiving his room key from a GAY, THUNDERSTRUCK YOUNG MALE CLERK.

CLERK

It's Room 608. You just take the elevator to the sixth floor. Then look for the door that says, "608."

TAD

Right.

CLERK

Have a great night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD
You, too.

CLERK
I'll see you tomorrow.

TAD
Very good.

CLERK
I'm on at 11.

TAD
Okay.

And Tad heads for the elevators, passing a PUERTO RICAN PORTER who is using a ROTARY FLOOR POLISHER. He's been staring at Tad the whole time, absently polishing the same small patch of floor to what is now a showroom glare.

PORTER
Hola, Senor Hamilton!

TAD
Hasta el proximo Miercoles.

The porter looks confused.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - TAD'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He opens the door and takes in the middle-classness of it all with an affectionate smile, like Bill Gates driving past his first apartment.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - SAME TIME

Pete SCOFFS AGGRESSIVELY at Rosalee.

PETE
He "wants your goodness to rub off on him"?

ROSALEE
That's right.

PETE
I see. And you... actually believe this?

ROSALEE
Why wouldn't I?

(CONTINUED)

Joseph Middleton

CONTINUED:

PETE

Rosalee, I just don't even know what to say. I mean, there's "innocent," there's "childlike," and then there's just "dumb."

ROSALEE

Pete --

PETE

(repeating in disbelief)

Wants your goodness to rub off on him...

(then, emphatically)

He wants your ass to rub off him, Rosalee, all right?

ROSALEE

Tch.

PETE

Well, fortunately, you can't go to the movies with him tonight, anyway.

ROSALEE

What do you mean I can't?

PETE

I need you to stay on for late shift.

ROSALEE

What are you talking about?

PETE

Poor Janine, she's coughing like an old man in a Russian novel.

ROSALEE

She is not.

PETE

Well, she will be. She's piqued.

ROSALEE

She's not piqued. Look at her.

PETE

(CALLS)

Janine, show Rosalee how piqued you are.

JANINE, who looks fine, if confused, calls back from her register.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANINE
 (never heard of the
 word)
 How what?

Pete crosses to her. Rosalee follows.

PETE
 Cough for me.

JANINE
 Huh?

PETE
 (urgently)
 Cough for me, Janine.

Janine FORCES A COUGH.

PETE (CONT'D)
 You hear that? It's all in her lungs.

Janine clutches her chest in worry.

What is?

JANINE
 ROSALEE
 Nothing, Janine, you're fine.

PETE
 You're not fine. You're piqued,
 you're coming down with something,
 and you gotta go home. Right now.

ROSALEE
 You're fine, Janine. You're not
 piqued.

PETE
 Hey, don't be telling my employees
 when they're piqued, okay? I will
 tell them when they're piqued.

ROSALEE
 She's not piqued. And even if she
 were, you'd have to find someone
 else to work that late shift, Petey.
 Because I am going to the damn movies
 with Tad Hamilton!

And she storms away. He CALLS after her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Trust me, you are not.

ROSALEE

Trust me, I am.

PETE

Trust me.

ROSALEE

No, trust me.

And she's back at her station. Janine COUGHS, now concerned for her health.

PETE

(dismissively, to
Janine)

Stop that.

INT. HOLIDAY INN FRONT DESK

The gay clerk, on the phone, would do anything to please.

~~CLERK~~
I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton, but there would be no point in moving you to another room. Every room is exactly the same. Every room in every Holiday Inn on earth is exactly the same. That's the whole point of Holiday Inn.

(beat)

Suites?

(never heard the word;
indicates candy dish)

Well, we have some lollies down here by the register.

(then)

Oh, I understand -- no, we have no suites.

INT. TAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Tad is on the room phone, smiling affably. On the bed, Tad's cell phone RINGS.

TAD

(on phone, to clerk)

Okay, that's cool. Hang on just one second.

(answers cell phone)

Hello?

INT. RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER'S OFFICE - DAY

It's swanky. Lots of feng shui stuff and pictures of Richard Levy the Younger with famous people. Richard is on his headset phone.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Where are you?

INTERCUT:

TAD

I'm in a Holiday Inn in Wheeling,
West Virginia.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Okay, words I never heard anyone
utter.

TAD

She's special, Richard.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Who?

TAD

The girl from the charity thing.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

The Win-a-Date girl?

TAD

Yes.

Richard Levy the Younger begins pacing, agitated.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Let me understand this: you flew to
Wheeling, West Virginia, and are
staying in a Holiday Inn, in order
to nail the Win-a-Date girl?

TAD

I don't want to "nail" her. Please
don't put it in those terms.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

(rolls his eyes)

Oh, forgive me, Lord Byron.

TAD

I just want to be around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Uh huh.

TAD

She has an aura.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

I see.

TAD

A goodness.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Right.

TAD

There's a lot I can learn from her.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Nail, nail, nail, you are trying to nail her! And the sick thing is, you don't even realize that you're trying to nail her.

TAD

Look, she was your idea. You were the one who said wholesomeness would be good for me.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Yes, image-wise. Not in real life.

TAD

Well, you were righter than you knew.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

No I wasn't. I have never been righter than I knew.

TAD

I'm trying to feed my soul, Richard, okay? I'm trying to find a way to actually be... happy.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

Happy? You want to be happy, now?

TAD

Don't you want me to do something healthy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 Healthy is fine, once your
 professional obligations have been
 discharged. But this is not healthy.

TAD

Yes it is. It's big for me, Richard.
 It's a turning point.

Richard Levy the Younger is now speaking loudly enough that COLLEAGUES can hear him through his open office door. They react accordingly as his speech gets louder and more peppery. Over the following, he keeps pushing his electric door-closer, but it won't work. So he begins gesturing to his ASSISTANT to close his door, but the assistant doesn't see him. All this adds to Richard Levy the Younger's frustration, as:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

That's what you think today. But by
 the end of the week, when you've
 nailed her, you're suddenly going to
 feel differently. And what do you
 suppose happens then?

TAD

I --

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

I will tell you what happens then.
 You break -- no, you pulverize --her
 heart. You smash it into tiny heart
 granules. And then the press finds
 out that you granulated the heart of
 the innocent small-town girl who
 thought she was so lucky because she
 won a date with you, and all the
 good that was done by the promotion
 gets washed away in an ocean of
 everybody's pain. And there's a
 humongous under-the-table cash
 settlement. And Jimmy Ing says,
 boy, Tad Hamilton is even more
 heartless than I thought, and he
 continues breathing. In fact, now,
 he's taking big, deep diaphragmatic
 breaths, like an opera singer.

TAD

You're not listening to me, Richard.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER

I am listening, I'm just trying not
 to hear. A person like you cannot
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER (CONT'D)
 have a relationship with a girl from
 Montana.

TAD
 West Virginia.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 Whatever it is.

TAD
 Why not?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 You're too different. Your values
 are different. For example, she has
 them.

TAD
 It can work.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 It can't. And when it ends, very
 bad for business.

TAD
 There are more important things than
 business.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 (beat)
 I don't even know who I'm talking
 to, now.

TAD
 Richard, I gotta go.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 No you don't. You do not gotta go.
 What you gotta do is understand that
 you're going through some kind of a
 phase right now, some kind of a phase-
 thing, and it has a hold of you, and
 you need to break that hold. You
 need to come back to L.A., have a
 Bushmill's and a Percocet, go out on
 a date with an actress looking to
 advance her career, and put an end
 to all this self-destructive behavior!

TAD
 I'll see you soon, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
No! No. Tad --

TAD
Goodbye, Richard.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
Fine! Fine. Your career, your common sense and I will look forward to your call.

And he yanks his headset out of the phone and fires the door remote across the room. There's a GUNSHOT-like noise, and the office door shuts.

Meanwhile, Tad takes a couple of breaths. After a long moment, he notices the hotel phone and remembers the clerk.

TAD
(into hotel phone)
Hello?

CLERK
(holding eagerly all
this time)
Yes, Mr. Hamilton?

TAD
You wouldn't have a masseuse on staff, would you?

CLERK
(petrified)
A what?

In his office, irate and breathing too much, Richard Levy the Younger punches his desk rhythmically and impatiently. Then, muted, through the closed door:

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Richard? You have Richard.

And Richard Levy the Younger snatches the phone off its cradle with the speed and deftness of a Moroccan pickpocket.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
Richard?

EXT. BEL AIR COUNTRY CLUB - LOS ANGELES - FIRST HOLE - DAY

Richard Levy the Older, smoking a Cohiba, points to his ball, which has found the tricky little water hazard the way swallows find Capistrano. A DUTIFUL MEXICAN CADDY tromps into the shallow water to retrieve it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 (into phone)
 Hang on.
 (giving directions)
 Caliente, Enrique. Muy caliente...

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
Richard?

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 (calling to Enrique)
Mucho caliente...

EXT. ROSALEE'S GARDEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tad comes up the steps and RINGS the bell.

INT. GARDEN APARTMENT

Rosalee's father, HENRY FUTCH, late 50's, infinitely well-meaning, fond of high-waisted pants, sits at a PC reading VARIETY.COM. He flinches when he hears the bell, and CALLS to the door.

Coming.

He closes his eyes and moves his lips as if MEMORIZING something, then shuts off the computer, takes a breath, and heads for the door.

EXT. DOOR

Henry opens it. He and Tad stare at each other across the threshold.

HENRY
 You must be Tad. "Must be" -- you are Tad. I know what you look like.

TAD
 (extends hand)
 Nice to meet you, Mr. Futch.

HENRY
 Henry, for G-d's sake. Please come in.

TAD
 Thanks.

Tad does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Rosie will be down in a minute. Can I get you something to drink?

TAD

Maybe a soda?

HENRY

You got it.

And Henry goes into the kitchen. As he fills two glasses with ice and pours the soda out of economy-sized bottles, he CALLS casually:

HENRY (CONT'D)

So, looks like Emperor's New Clothes will top 100 mil in domestic b.o., huh?

TAD

(surprised; politely)

Uh, yes. Yes it does.

HENRY

Yeah. And that Quantum Studios -- I think they're looking to vertically integrate, either by buying a web or a weblet.

TAD

Could be.

HENRY

Sure.

Henry arrives with the sodas.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Well, here's to Oliver Krause and Judy Wilburn.

TAD

Who are they?

HENRY

Just married at the home of friends in Montecito. Bride's a V.P. of Development at VisionWorld, groom's nonpro.

Henry clinks Tad's glass.

TAD

Here's to them.

(CONTINUED)

Joseph Middleton

CONTINUED:

And they drink. Rosalee enters. She and Tad beam when they see each other.

ROSALÉE
Hi.

TAD
Hi.

ROSALÉE
I see you've met Dad.

TAD
Yeah -- we've been talking shop.

Henry smiles proudly, his day made.

ROSALÉE
So, what should we do tonight?

TAD
Well, I kind of need to do a little shopping. Is there a mall anywhere near here?

ROSALÉE
Are you kidding? Only the biggest one east of the Mississippi and south of the Monongahela.

TAD
Does it have movie theaters?

ROSALÉE
It sure does. Have you seen King Arthur of Britain yet?

TAD
Been wanting to.

HENRY
(helpfully)
It's an armor-plated jousting that should crusade to solid ducat.

ROSALÉE
We could even get a bite. They got a food court there.

TAD
(amazed at her appetite)
G-d bless you, Rosalee.

INT. SEARS - MINUTES LATER

Rosalee and Tad enter the Men's Department. Tad approaches the underwear display.

ROSALEE
Why didn't you pack a suitcase?

TAD
Because I just rushed out, you know.
I didn't think. I just wanted to be
here... with you.

Rosalee smiles. Tad selects some t-shirts, then:

ROSALEE
Boxers or briefs?

TAD
Uh, boxers.

ROSALEE
I knew it.

They pass a bunch of mannequins, in the midst of which

CATHY

is secluded. She is watching them and speaking on her
cellphone.

CATHY
He's buying underwear.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE

Pete is on the phone, taking in the news.

PETE
Nice. What does big fancy movie boy
do when he takes a girl out? Buys
underwear.

INTERCUT:

CATHY
(as if answering a
Great Question)
Boxers.
(then, quietly)
I knew it.

PETE
Like I care.

INT. MULTIPLEX - ENTRY AREA

Rosalee, Tad, and the rest of the MOVIE-GOERS pass through a turnstile into the snack lobby. People are elbowing each other and pointing him out. Young girls are GIGGLING. Rosalee looks at a life-size, die-cut, standing lobby display of Tad and then at Tad himself.

ROSALEE
This is so weird.

And they head for the snack line.

INT. THEATER - LATER

Rosalee and Tad are in their seats, sharing popcorn.

ON THE MOVIE THEATER SCREEN

King Arthur of Britain is kissing Guinevere. It purports to be a passionate kiss, however...

IN THE AUDIENCE

Tad WHISPERS to Rosalee

TAD
He once slept with her mother.

ROSALEE
Who did?

TAD
Arthur.

ROSALEE
Slept with Guinevere's mother?

TAD
Uh huh.

ROSALEE
No he didn't. He only has eyes for Guinevere. He'd give up all of England for her.

TAD
In real life, I'm saying. Billy Beaudell. Once slept with Natasha Green's mother.

ROSALEE
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT MOVIE THEATER SCREEN AND TAD/ROSALEE CONVERSATION:

TAD

It was during Natasha's Sweet 16.
In the pool house. Natasha's never
forgiven him.

ROSALEE

(beat; watches screen)
She's kissing him pretty good up
there.

TAD

Not really.

ROSALEE

What do you mean? They're French
kissing like crazy. Which is
interesting, because back then, I
don't think there was a France.

TAD

They're not French kissing. It just
looks like they are.

ROSALEE

Hah?

TAD

What you do is you open your mouth
and set your jaw as though you were
French kissing. But your tongue
doesn't actually leave your own mouth.

ROSALEE

You're a liar.

TAD

May I show you?

ROSALEE

Uh, sure.

And he kisses her in that way, after which.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

That's awful.

TAD

I know.

ROSALEE

Like kissing a pipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

Pretty much.

ROSALEE

I can't believe it looks good.

TAD

Well, why don't you ask the lady behind us.

And they turn to find

MRS. PEREZ

sitting in the seat behind them. She is ABSOLUTELY FLOORED by the Tad-Rosalee fake kiss that she has just witnessed.

ROSALEE

Hello, Mrs. Perez.

Mrs. Perez is too moved to answer.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Are you okay, dear?

She nods, but her expression doesn't change. Meanwhile, a few rows back, we catch sight of

JANINE

dialing her cellphone, unnoticed by Tad or Rosalee.

EXT. MALL - LATER

Rosalee and Tad exit the mall and head toward Tad's rental car, holding hands and LAUGHING. He holds her door for her, then gets in himself.

Across the lot, near a pay phone, CLYDE and ROCHELLE watch the car, ready to report in.

INT. TAD'S RENTAL CAR

Tad and Rosalee settle into their seats. Tad starts the car.

TAD

So, what do people do at this point in the evening in Wheeling, West Virginia?

ROSALEE

Well, they go to the diner...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

We could do that. We haven't eaten anything in almost fifteen minutes.

ROSALEE

Or they go home...

TAD

It is a school night.

ROSALEE

Of course, if it were a date, we might go to the Water Gap Overlook.

TAD

What do people do there?

ROSALEE

They park.

TAD

(knowing full well)

And then?

ROSALEE

(knowing he knows full well)

Well, they marvel at what a feat of engineering the gap is, representing, as it does, the indomitable spirit of the West Virginian.

TAD

Really.

ROSALEE

Mm hmm.

It's pretty obvious what they both have on their minds. But both are fighting their impulses.

TAD

Well, but, this isn't a date.

ROSALEE

No.

TAD

I mean, not to say I'm not attracted to you. Because I am.

ROSALEE

(in that way of hers)

And I am, too, you, to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wonders what she said.

TAD

But what I told you this afternoon
still holds. This is not about...
that.

ROSALEE

No.

TAD

Nor should it be.

ROSALEE

No.

TAD

There are just certain things you do
and certain things you don't do.

ROSALEE

Right.

TAD

And having agreed to do certain
things, we also at the same time,
agreed not to do certain other things.

ROSALEE

Yes.

TAD

And what do those agreements mean if
we don't stick to them?

ROSALEE

Nothing.

TAD

Right.

ROSALEE

So then we're agreed.

TAD

Yes.

ROSALEE

Good.

A beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER GAP OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Rosalee and Tad make out passionately. So much for patience. In the midst of the kissing:

ROSALEE

Over two trillion gallons of water...
 (kiss)
 flow through the Gap...
 (kiss)
 every hour. That's enough water...
 (kiss)
 to float a battleship...
 (kiss)
 or put out every fire in West
 Virginia...
 (kiss)
 for four and a half years.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE PARKING LOT

Errol looks on from behind the wheel of his '71 Nova, near a phone kiosk. Pete, in his Hyundai, a cellphone in his hand, pulls up alongside Errol.

Hi, Pete.

ERROL

PETE

Hi, Errol. Good work.

ERROL

Thanks. Are they coming?

PETE

Mm hmmm.

INT. TAD'S CAR

Rosalee and Tad are getting hotter and heavier. Sweaters have come off. Shirts are open.

ROSALEE

The hydroelectric plant at Raintree...
 generates enough energy each week...
 to run a string of 75-watt light
 bulbs... from here to Gallup, New
 Mexico.

TAD

Rosalee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE
(breathless)
Yes?

TAD
I want to --

But before he can finish the sentence, they hear RAPPING on the fogged-over window. Tad lowers it, revealing a POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN
May I see your license and
registration --
(realizing who Tad is)
Jesus Christ.

TAD
Hello, Officer.

The policeman looks to the passenger seat.

POLICEMAN
Rosalee?

ROSALEE
(sheepishly)
Hi, Tom.

POLICEMAN
Jesus Christ.

ROSALEE
Okay then.

POLICEMAN
We heard you were in town, Mr.
Hamilton.

TAD
Did you?

POLICEMAN
Fond of our Rosalee, huh?

TAD
Uh, yes, officer.

ROSALEE
("That'll do")
Tom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN

(to Tad)

Forgive me for bothering you. We got a call saying someone was parked. It's illegal after sunset.

ROSALEE

You got a call? From who, a mountain lion?

At this point they hear the telltale BELCH of Pete's Hyundai. Rosalee turns in time to see it attempting to skulk out of the parking lot.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

(to Policeman)

Never mind.

TAD

Who's that?

ROSALEE

Pete.

(taking in the news)

Is that right.

POLICEMAN

Say, listen, I hate to ask, but could I impose for a very fast autograph for my daughter? She would just be so thrilled.

TAD

(re: the partial nakedness)

Can we, uh, just have a second?

POLICEMAN

Oh, sure, sure, sorry.

And the policeman backs a tasteful distance from the car.

EXT. GARDEN APARTMENT - LATER

The rental car is parked at Rosalee's walkway. She and Tad lean against it. She is so angry she can barely get the words out.

ROSALEE

I am going to tear that Peter's head off and feed it to him on a big chicken stick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

Okay, okay, calm down. Because it doesn't matter. What happened tonight was a force of nature. Two people set out to be friends, but nature would have none of it. Nature wanted them to be more. And nature is still going to want that tomorrow. That's how nature is.

ROSALEE

(entranced)

You speak very well.

TAD

Thank you.

A gazing beat.

ROSALEE

You gonna be all right till lunch tomorrow?

TAD

Oh yes. I'm going to check out some of Wheeling's top tourist spots.

ROSALEE

Such as?

TAD

Such as the Museum of Sewing. Located right here in town.

ROSALEE

We'll make it an early lunch.

TAD

Good idea.

One more kiss, and she heads up the walkway. Before she goes inside, she turns back. He taps his mouth with three fingers -- he can even make blowing a kiss look cool. She smiles and goes inside.

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - LATE AFTERNOON

Rosalee is ringing up purchases for a bookish-looking WOMAN behind whom there is a long line of CUSTOMERS. Pete is staring at Rosalee with his palms upturned as in, "I told you so."

PETE

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

How could you?

PETE

How could I? How could you?

ROSALEE

How could I what?

PETE

What did I tell you? What did I tell you about your carnal treasure?

ROSALEE

You said guard it.

PETE

I said guard it. And what did you do? You practically chucked it at him.

ROSALEE

You make it sound like some sleazy night. But it wasn't. It was classy.

PETE

Right -- it's not like you went to the movies and then he felt you up in his car.

ROSALEE

The evening evolved, Pete.

PETE

Oh, is that what it did.

ROSALEE

That's right. It started as two friends going to the movies --

PETE

And it evolved into a guy looking for your hoocy.

ROSALEE

("Enough")

All right now.

PETE

Do you still not understand what he's after?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

He was after what he said he was after, but now we're both after something else. Tad and I are beginning a profound, lasting relationship.

PETE

He is not capable of a profound, lasting relationship.

ROSALEE

What are you basing that on, the tabloids? You don't even read the tabloids. You read Modern Grocer.

PETE

You don't have to read the tabloids to know about this guy. People who live in abandoned mine shafts know about this guy.

ROSALEE

Look, Tad is turning over a new leaf, okay, Pete?

PETE

Okay. Let's say you're right, he's your true love, and as a result of meeting you, he's finally ready to change his ways. All the more reason to wait before you sleep with him.

ROSALEE

(to SHOPPERS on line)

Are you getting every word?

PETE

Ask them! They'll agree with me!

The SHOPPERS all NOD and MURMUR agreement, even the demur woman.

PETE (CONT'D)

You see?

ROSALEE

I don't want to ask them. They don't know what I know. Which is that the normal rules don't apply to this situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Every person who ever got their heart broken has said that to themselves at one time or another.

ROSALEE

Petey --

PETE

See, for guys, the actual getting of a woman can make you lose interest.

ROSALEE

He's not going to lose interest.

PETE

Nothing clears the male mind like the act of consummation.

ROSALEE

Oh, Petey, good lord.

PETE

(to the customer line)
Gentlemen, are you with me?

The MALES on line offer sheepish nods and affirmative MURMURS.

ROSALEE

Well, he's not like all you.
(to Pete)
You don't know him the way I do.

Cathy calls over from the next register.

CATHY

What are his pectorals like, to the touch? Are they warm yet firm, like buttery leather over gun metal?

PETE

(to Cathy)
That's not helping.

CATHY

Sorry. Got caught up.

Pete has an idea.

PETE

All right. You say I don't know Tad. Maybe you're right. How about I get to know him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

What?

PETE

How about the three of us spend a day together? So that Tad will be able to reveal his true, and I'm sure marvelous, self. For all to see.

ROSALEE

Why would I possibly say yes to that?

PETE

To shut me up. To get me off your back. And on some level, to assuage your own darkest fears.

A beat. Despite herself, Rosalee finds his reasoning persuasive.

EXT. OHIO RIVER TRIBUTARY - DAY

Pete, Tad and Rosalee stand in the water, each in hip-waders and holding flyfishing rods. Pete is cocky as he demonstrates proper casting technique.

PETE

What you want to do is snap that wrist there. The tendency on the part of beginners is to stiff-arm it a little bit, but that kills your distance. So you just want to --

Without waiting for Pete to finish his sentence, Tad casts beautifully. His line flies over the water in a graceful arc, and then his lure lightly touches down. A FISH immediately GOES for it.

PETE (CONT'D)

(much more quietly)

-- just want to snap the wrist, there.

(then)

You've done this before.

Tad deftly brings in his fish.

TAD

I had to learn for "Down by the River." Did you see that one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE
 (annoyed, with a look
 to Rosie)
 If it came out, Tad, I saw it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIBUTARY - LATER

Pete and Tad stand on a LOG, each gripping the end of a SHORT
 PIER.

PETE
 Okay, so this is log rolling, which
 is a little thing we do to pass the
 time here in Wheeling. What you
 want to do is walk on the log and
 roll it in such a way that you cause
 your opponent to go into the water.

Pete demonstrates gently.

PETE (CONT'D)
 See, if I roll the log this way, you
 have to keep up. And then if I stop
 the log, you might fall in. Got it?

TAD
 I do.

PETE
 Shall we give it a try?

TAD
 Sure.

And Pete starts rolling the log. Tad stays with him.

PETE
 (a little
 condescendingly)
 Good.

Pete goes a little faster. Tad handles it with no problem.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Very good.

Pete reverses direction. Tad does, too.

PETE (CONT'D)
 (beginning to worry)
 Excellent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)
 (facetiously)
 You didn't have to learn this for a
 movie, did you?

Tad starts adding speed to the log.

TAD
 No.

PETE
 Good.

Tad is now spinning the log very quickly, without any sign of effort or anxiety.

TAD
 But, did you see ESPN Celebrity
 Lumberjacks?

PETE
 (very worried, now)
 What?

Tad stops the log abruptly and Pete is launched into the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSE FARM - LATER

As Rosie looks on from a split-rail fence, Pete rides a horse at a speed that obviously makes him nervous. Out of nowhere, Tad, also on horseback, comes STAMPEDED by at a much faster speed, HOOTING in enjoyment, so deft as to be able to hold onto the reins with just one hand and his hat with the other.

TAD
 (CALLING as he goes)
 "The Doc Holliday Story" and "A Man
 Called Wyoming."

Pete nods, trying not to show the pain. We see a FLASH of light come from the nearby woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTING CAGE - LATER

As Rosalee and a chagrined Pete look on, Tad rips a line drive into the PITCHING MACHINE, BREAKING IT.

TAD
 "Season in the Sun."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete nods, restraining himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE OVER TRIBUTARY

As Rosalee watches, Pete and Tad face off with guitars in a "Deliverance"-style battle. Tad is a facile musician, and increases his pickin' speed steadily, until Pete breaks a STRING. Tad looks at him with that grin.

TAD
"The Bootleggers."

CUT TO:

EXT. MINTATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Tad putts a ball through a WINDMILL, between a MILKMAID'S FEET, off a sideboard and into the cup for a hole in one.

PETE
(amazed)
They actually made a movie about
miniature golf.

TAD
(shrugs)
No.

And for Pete, somehow that's even worse.

INT. BILLY THE KID'S - LATER

It's late, and the bar is nearly empty. Rosalee, Tad and Pete are at a "bar shuffleboard" table. Pete and Tad are each drinking down a beer. Tad does not seem to be concerned with who finishes his beer first, but Pete is. He keeps eyeing Tad's progress. Effortlessly, Tad finishes first, with a big oblivious smile. Pete, with great, sloppy, heaving effort, finishes a few seconds later. Rosalee shakes her head at Pete's performance. Pete SIGHS, wondering how else he can lose. He absently tosses his shuffleboard disc, and to his amazement knocks Tad's disc out of the way, leaving his own in paydirt.

TAD
Good shot.

The actual victory takes a moment to sink in, but then, Pete fairly elevates out of his chair, SCREAMING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I BEAT YOU, YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU
SEE THAT? DO YOU SEE THAT? HUH?

Tad smiles charitably. Rosalee rolls her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROSALEE AND HENRY'S GARDEN APARTMENT - THE NEXT
MORNING

Tad rings the doorbell with his usual enthusiasm. Rosalee
answers. She's wearing a Sunday dress.

ROSALEE

Hi.

TAD

Hi! You look great. What's going
on?

ROSALEE

It's Sunday. We're going to church.

TAD

Oh, right, right.

ROSALEE

You want to come?

TAD

May I?

ROSALEE

Of course.

(re: his clothes)

But, not like that.

TAD

Can I run to the mall?

ROSALEE

There's no time.

Henry appears at the threshold in his high-waisted pants
carrying a copy of You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again.

HENRY

Hello,

(checks book; trying
it on)

boychik.

Rosalee has an idea.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM

Tad and Henry stand staring into Henry's closet, Tad rather glumly.

TAD

Henry, my goodness.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEELING EPISCOPAL CHURCH - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The CONGREGATION is filing in. ALL EYES are on Tad, who mounts the stairs wearing one of Henry's high-waisted suits. Cathy pulls Rosalee aside.

CATHY

What are you putting in that boy's afternoon tea?

ROSALEE

Oh, hush up.

CATHY

He was just on the People Magazine 10 Best Dressed List.

ROSALEE

Hush up.

CATHY

Looks like Fred Mertz.

TAD

(coming over)

Hey, Cathy.

CATHY

Hey, Fred. Uh, Tad.

They enter without noticing Pete, who is at the side of the church speaking quietly to FATHER NEWELL.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The CONGREGATION finishes a HYMN and sits. We spot Angelica, Janine, Errol, Clyde and Mrs. Perez. Father Newell steps to the lectern.

FATHER NEWELL

Today, we stand in the presence of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. And also, a two-time Academy
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER NEWELL (CONT'D)

Award nominee, Golden Globe and People's Choice Winner who, according to Barron's, commands upwards of \$19 million per picture. I speak of course of the one and only Tad Hamilton.

APPLAUSE breaks out. Tad smiles modestly.

FATHER NEWELL (CONT'D)

Join me at the pulpit, won't you, Mr. Hamilton?

Tad graciously does as he is asked. Rosalee blushes. Pete looks on expectantly from a row near the back.

FATHER NEWELL (CONT'D)

Tell us, how are you enjoying your stay here in Wheeling?

TAD

It's a wonderful town, Father. I love it here.

FATHER NEWELL

I'm sure it won't be news to anyone at this point that you came here because of our own Rosalee Futch.

TAD

That's true, Father.

Everyone turns to look at Rosalee, who gives a most reluctant little wave.

FATHER NEWELL

Tad, we are, as you know, a closely knit community that looks out for its own.

TAD

I know that, Father.

FATHER NEWELL

Good. Then you won't be offended, I'm sure, if I ask you to answer a question, now -- right here, before G-d and everybody.

TAD

Uh, no, sure, I wouldn't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER NEWELL

Tad, what are your intentions with respect to Rosalee?

Tad greets the question with his killer smile, in part to stall for time while he gathers his thoughts. In her seat, Rosalee looks terribly uncomfortable. In his seat, Pete barely disguises a smirk.

Tad looks at Father Newell, at the cross, at Jesus, and at the expectant faces of everybody, but most especially Rosalee and Henry. He clears his throat, smiles and begins, bringing all his considerable ability to bear on the delivery.

TAD

Rosalee Futch has renewed my faith, Father. My faith in people. My faith in women. My faith in myself. My faith that life is supposed to be a joyful and profound experience. My faith in love, and its ability to delight us, even when things seem bleakest. My faith that somebody really is watching over us, and that He really does want us to be happy.

A WHOOSH spreads over the congregation. Tad's scoring big. Rosalee is gape-mouthed. Henry is close to tears. Cathy is beside herself, as are Janine, Angelica, Errol, Clyde and Mrs. Perez. Even Father Newell is knocked out. No one in Wheeling has ever spoken like this publicly or otherwise.

TAD (CONT'D)

Everything happens for a reason. Rosalee won that contest for a reason. I was in trouble. She saved me. And I love her, Father. With all my heart. I pledge myself to her. What are my intentions? If she will have me, I intend to stand at this very altar one year from today... and marry her.

There is a beat of complete silence, and then the entire congregation -- notably Rosalee, Henry, Father Newell, Cathy, Angelica, Janine, Errol, Clyde and Mrs. Perez -- seem to SIGH as one, in a mass exultation, a common gushing.

EXT. CHURCH

Even Rochelle the dog is SIGHING, as she watches through the window.

INT. CHURCH

Pete, hoisted by his own petard, looks as though he's about to expire. Tad's eyes lock on Rosie's.

TAD

Will you, Rosalee? Will you have me?

All heads swivel to Rosalee, who is overwhelmed by the attention. But she summons her trademark charm:

ROSALEE

I, uh... I'm not saying no.

Everyone LAUGHS. Some of the tension is dispelled, out of which:

TAD

Then come away with me. Somewhere where we can be together for a little while. So that you can get to know me completely. Maybe then, if I am to be so blessed, you'll be able to say the word I dream to hear: "Yes."

A fresh round of COOS come from the audience. Tad could probably have any woman in the room. And several of the men.

ROSALEE

(overwhelmed)

Where are we going?

TAD

Anywhere you want. Paris?

ROSALEE

Okay.

TAD

O-kay!

A beat, and then RAUCOUS CHEERING AND APPLAUSE bursts forth from the assembled, as if they've just watched the best movie they've ever seen. Tad makes his way back to his seat as everyone congratulates both halves of the Golden Couple. Pete, unnoticed in the back, shakes his head in lonely bewilderment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - THE NEXT DAY

Rosalee is excitedly cleaning out her register area as Pete looks on. Cathy and Janine watch from their registers. SHOPPERS eavesdrop hungrily, as usual.

ROSALEE

Paris. That's in France. We're getting on his plane, and when we get off, we're going to be in Paris, France.

PETE

(rolling his eyes)

Are you going to Paris, France, by any chance?

ROSALEE

That's right.

PETE

Aren't you forgetting something, Rosalee?

ROSALEE

What's that?

PETE

You work here. You could at least show me the courtesy of asking for the time off.

ROSALEE

(restraining herself)

May I have the time off?

PETE

No.

Rosalee sets her jaw.

PETE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry, Rosalee, but going to Paris with Tad Hamilton would be a huge mistake, even bigger than the mistakes you've made with him up to now, and as your friend, as the only person, including you, who seems to have your long-term best interests at heart, I am going to have to draw a line in the sand, here. No Paris. Paris, no. Tu ne go to Paris pas.

A beat. Rosalee seethes, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

No matter how many times Tad proves himself, you continue to do everything in your severely limited power to try to sabotage my relationship with him. Well, let me clue you in, here: it's not working. All you're doing is making a fool of yourself.

PETE

Be that as it may be that as, I'm not giving you the time off, Rosalee.

A rueful beat, and then Rosalee stands toe to toe with him.

ROSALEE

Then, I quit.

PETE

What?

ROSALEE

You're not my friend, Pete. You're not looking out for my long-term best interests. All you're doing is hurting me. A wonderful thing has happened in my little anonymous life, and all you're doing is trying to take it away. That's the opposite of friendship. Why you're doing it I don't know. But I'm ~~going~~ trying to figure it out. I quit.

She grabs up the last of her things and walks toward the exit. He YELLS after her:

PETE

You don't know why I'm doing it? I'm doing it because you have lost your grip on reality. You have actually begun to believe that life is some sort of a fairy tale, and that a man like that meets you, changes his spots, changes his life, and the two of you live happily ever after. And I am not going to sit by and watch you give your heart to someone who's just going to break it.

ROSALEE

(CALLS angrily)

It's mine to give if I want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the next triplet is SHOUTED across the store as she approaches the exit.

PETE

Yes, okay, but give it to someone who'll treasure it the way it should be treasured. Someone whose eyes'll never be on the door. Someone who'll never get tired of you, never have to move on to the Next Girl, never stop being grateful that you're his.

ROSALEE .

Like who?

PETE

Like me.

This makes her stop. In fact, it makes everything stop. Nobody breathes. Then, she slowly turns around.

ROSALEE

(squinting)

What?

Pete and Rosalee both straighten. It's hard to know which one of them is more surprised. But the floodgates are open, now, and there's no closing them again.

PETE

I love you, Rosalee. And worse than that, I think I always have. I think I needed the misery and suffering of Tad Hamilton's presence to act as a wake-up call and galvanize my emotions. I love you. And, let me not get caught up in a preposition: I'm in love with you. You're my favorite person. You're the only woman in the world, as far as I'm concerned. The rest are just vaseline blurs on the fringes of my field of vision.

(then)

Rosie, if there was any way that you returned these feelings...

(then, after the
silence, he awkwardly
re-asks)

Is there... any way that you return these feelings?

A long beat. Worldwide motionlessness. Rosalee is incredulous. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

You've been hanging out in the Redi-Whip section again, haven't you, Petey?

PETE

What? No.

ROSALEE

You're not in love with me.

PETE

Oh, for G-d's sake, Rosie, don't make me say it again --

ROSALEE

And even if you are, I am certainly not in love with you. At the moment, I'm not even in like with you.

PETE

Oh.

(then)

Are you sure?

ROSALEE

(to the crowd)

Did any of that sound the least bit unsure to anybody?

They MURMUR that it did not. Rosalee turns to Pete for a final word. She tries to mask a certain tremulousness, but it comes through nevertheless:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Pete, I want you to take a long hot bath. With some epsom salts or something. And think about what you've done. And maybe when you're finished, it'll be the old, normal Pete that gets out of that bathtub, instead of the new, weird one.

Flustered, Rosalee starts for the door again. When she passes Cathy's station, she gives her a hug.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

I'll call you from Paris, France.

CATHY

What a sentence.

CONTINUED:

And she continues out the door. Pete watches, his heart broken.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - PARKING LOT - THAT EVENING

We're over the shoulder of some sort of HENCHMAN. We can't see his face. But we can see him using binoculars to scan the rooms of the hotel through the sliding glass doors that lead to their terraces.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

we watch the henchman's search. He goes from room to room, until he spots Tad's unmistakable face on the top-floor.

A GLOVED HAND

counts six rooms between Tad's window and the end of the building.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - MOMENTS LATER

The henchman walks with an odd LIMP. We still can't see his face. He passes the concierge desk, which is unattended. From the back office, we HEAR the strains of the movie version of "Paint Your Wagon" on a television.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - THIRD FLOOR

The henchman gets off the elevator. We still can't see his face. He counts six rooms down from the end of the hall. He spots a spent room service cart which has been wheeled out into the hallway. He goes to it and cleans it up -- re-folds the napkins, re-covers the entree plates, brushes off the crumbs -- making it look like a fresh cart. Then he takes, from his pant leg, a smallish-looking rifle -- this had accounted for his limp -- and secretes it under the cart's tablecloth. He wheels the tray to Tad's door and KNOCKS, stepping aside but leaving the tray in plain view.

TAD (O.S.)

Who is it?

The henchman answers in a voice we don't recognize.

HENCHMAN

Room service.

TAD (O.S.)

I didn't order room service.

CONTINUED:

HENCHMAN

It's complimentary -- from the manager.

O.S., Tad SIGHS a little, and then the door opens. The henchman immediately plows the cart into Tad's room and wrestles his rifle out from the under the tablecloth. It's all done very clumsily -- plates of leftover food go flying, along with silverware, beverages, condiments and tray covers. The henchman points the gun at Tad.

TAD

Pete.

And now we see the henchman's face. It is indeed Pete.

PETE

Hello, Tad.

TAD

Very crafty entrance.

PETE

Put your shoes on.

TAD

What is that, a pellet gun, Pete?

PETE

Yes. It was all I had. But make no mistake, this thing can put an eye out.

Tad nods, humoring him, not the least bit scared.

TAD

Okay.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Tad walks slowly to his car, Pete behind him, the pellet gun wrapped in the tablecloth so as to be out of view.

PETE

Keep your hands where I can see 'em.

TAD

(rolls his eyes)
Uh huh.

INT. CAR

Pete gets in the front seat, Tad the back. Pete points the pellet gun at Tad's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Start the car.

TAD

Where are we going?

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER GAP - NIGHT

They've approached the gap through b.g. woods in which we can see the headlights of Pete's car. They're now walking toward a rocky ledge that overlooks the huge, powerful waterfall. Pete holds the gun to Tad's back.

TAD

You realize that the pellet might not even make it through my coat.

PETE

I wouldn't aim for your coat. I'd aim for the back of the head, near your ganglia. If I hit it right, your motor skills might never be the same. Or you might acquire a facial tick that could seriously hinder your comic timing.

TAD

In which case, I'd have to sue you for all you were worth.

PETE

Sue away, pal. You've already taken the only thing I had of any value.

After another step or two, Pete stops.

PETE (CONT'D)

Well, here we are.

TAD

Yes.

PETE

You know, Tad, enough water flows through the gap --

TAD

I know, I know. Tell me why you brought me here, Pete. would you please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Fine, but my point was, don't do anything screwy.

(re: gap)

Nothing that falls in there comes out alive.

TAD

Pete? What do you want?

PETE

You're a very fortunate man, you know, Tad.

TAD

I know.

PETE

You have a great girl in Rosalee.

TAD

I realize that.

PETE

Good.

TAD

Could you put the pellet gun down, now? Come on -- I'll drive you home.

PETE

Why don't you make me put the pellet gun down?

TAD

I don't want to make you, Pete.

PETE

Well, then I'm not going to put the pellet gun down. Because I have something to say and I want it to really register.

TAD

I'm listening.

PETE

So if you want me to put the pellet gun down, you're going to have to make me.

TAD

Do you want me to make you put the pellet gun down, Pete?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I'll tell you the truth, I really don't think you can make me.

Tad nods and, having no choice, launches into a deft martial arts combination. He KICKS the gun out of Pete's hands; it goes hurtling into the waterfall, never to be heard from again. Then, Tad tackles Pete, spins him around and winds up on top of him and in complete control, all in one motion. Pete's face is pushed into the dirt.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wow.

TAD

Sorry.

PETE

No, hey, listen, I literally asked for it.

TAD

Are you okay?

I'm fine.

TAD

You remember "Dawn of the Special Forces?"

PETE

(over it)

Yeah, yeah, I remember.

TAD

So, what did you want to say to me, Pete?

PETE

Um, could you just change the angle of my head to free up my chin a little, there?

TAD

Sure.

Tad does so; Pete flexes his jaw.

PETE

Thanks.

He gathers his thoughts, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

I was going to say, Tad, that even though you are the most recognizable face on five continents -- fine of feature, thick of wallet, and as Cathy would say, cement of ass -- whereas I am a green grocer, on some level we're both still just...

TAD

...guys. Just two guys. Two bozos on the bus.

PETE

Yeah. In fact, we have kind of a special link between us, which is that --

TAD

We're both in love with the same woman.

PETE

(beat)
Yeah.

(then)

So, anyway, I was going to say was that you won her, fair and square.

TAD

Thank you.

PETE

And then I was going to ask you if realized exactly who you won?

TAD

What do you mean?

PETE

Well, for example... do you know how many different smiles Rosalee has?

TAD

How many smiles?

PETE

I figured you wouldn't. So I was going to tell you. She has six. One when something really makes her laugh. One when she's just laughing out of politeness. One when she makes plans. One when she hears

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

something she likes. One when she's uncomfortable. And one when she's talking about her friends.

TAD

Okay.

PETE

I figured you'd say that. So then I was going to ask you if you knew how she walks.

TAD

How she

PETE

Or how long she keeps her hair in straight mode, and how long in curly. Or what color sweater she wears when she thinks someone's really gonna be looking. Or how she sits when she talks about something private.

TAD

(beat)

Not yet. I don't know those things yet.

PETE

I figured you'd say that, too. And so I was going to say to you, Tad, that as much as you may love her, she is more of a treasure than you can possibly imagine. She's not just some good-hearted, healthy-for-you, wholesome small-town girl, some breath of fresh air. She is truly extraordinary, by any standard in the world, right down to her last detail. She's the greatest blessing a man could ever receive. So I was going to ask you, guy to guy, bozo to bozo, knowing how us bozos work... are you worthy of that blessing? Or, do you suspect, deep down, that there's a pretty good chance you'll wind up breaking her heart?

Tad smiles that sincere smile.

TAD

I won't break her heart, Pete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

See, I figured you'd jump on that. So I was going to ask you take a moment and think before you answer. I know how I've been in my life. You meet a girl and she's it. You're absolutely sure. And then after awhile you realize... she ain't it. And you wind up hurting somebody. So I was going to ask you to look into the future a little bit before you answer. Because I can't let you make that mistake with Rosie.

TAD

I won't break her heart, Pete.

PETE

Now, of course, I knew you were going to repeat that. And pretty much in that tone of voice, too. So then I was going to get a little tough, and say, "Say it like you mean it, Taddy-boy."

TAD

(with more fervor)

I won't break Rosalee's heart.

PETE

Pretty certain you'd come back with that. So then I was going to say, "Look, fuck-o, we ain't leaving here until you say it like you mean it."

TAD

You were going to call me, "fuck-o"?

PETE

I was, yes.

TAD

Wow, okay.

Pete tries to look back at Tad.

PETE

But only for effect.

A beat, and then, with great conviction:

TAD

I won't break Rosalee's heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Knew you'd say that. Knew you'd probably believe it, too. And, while I knew I'd still be dubious about whether or not you'd still mean it, say, six to eight months from now, I understood that to do anything more would be disrespectful to Rosie. So I was going to take you at your word and say, "Break this promise at your own peril, for next time, there will be no limit to my wrath." I was going to put some bass in my voice, there, like Samuel L. Jackson.

A beat.

TAD

Was there anything else?

PETE

No, that was gonna be it.

TAD

Should I let you up?

PETE

If you don't mind.

Tad lets Pete up, and Pete gets his sea legs back. They turn and walk toward the car. After a few steps:

PETE (CONT'D)

Predicted you'd be silent through this portion here -- maybe doing some private, serious self-questioning. So I was going to add, "You've been warned."

TAD

(nods, then)

You're a good guy, Pete.

And they continue toward the car.

EXT. YEAGER AIRPORT - THAT EVENING

Tad, Rosalee, Henry and Cathy, the latter three with gape-mouthed expressions, head toward Tad's G-6. Henry's baseball cap says "Project Greenlight."

HENRY

Let me understand: this is your own personal plane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

Yes.

HENRY

With your own personal pilot?

TAD

Yes.

HENRY

And it goes wherever you say?

TAD

Yes.

HENRY

So if, for example, you oversleep,
you just call the plane up and tell
it to wait for you?

TAD

That's right.

A beat.

HENRY

I'm sorry -- I just really don't
understand.

They've reached the steps.

CATHY

(quietly, To Rosalee)
You sure you want to go?

ROSALEE

(smiles as in, "What
a crazy question")
What? Absolutely.

A beat. Cathy looks at her. She knows Rosie's making a
mistake, but she also knows it's not her place to tell her
so.

CATHY

Okay, honey. Have fun.

And they hug. Cathy's face bespeaking the sadness of the
wise.

ROSALEE

Bye, Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Bye, baby.

They hug sweetly.

ROSALEE

I'll call you from Paris.

CATHY

She likes saying that.

HENRY

It's probably a really expensive call, so just give me one and a half rings, then hang up.

ROSALEE

Okay.

HENRY

(to Tad)

Please tell your personal pilot to fly especially carefully today.

I will, sir.

Tad meets Henry's searching, trusting eyes, and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. G-6 - MOMENTS LATER

The PILOT shuts the door, which makes a vacuum-y WHOOSHING sound that jars Rosalee a little bit. She turns to the cabin, which looks more like

A PLUSH LAIR

filled with plasma TV's, deep couches, a bar, and all the accoutrements of super-mega-bachelorhood. She swallows. For the first time she -- and we -- feel the slightest sense that she is indeed in the lion's den.

ROSALEE

Wow.

TAD

Make yourself at home.

ROSALEE

("Fat chance")

Yeah, no problem.

INT. BILLY THE KID'S - SAME TIME

The saloon-style doors are thrown open, and Angelica, who is wiping down a glass, looks up to see Pete dominate the threshold, silhouetted by streetlamps.

PETE

Ride with me.

Angelica swallows. This is her dream come true. She puts down the glass.

INT. G-6 - SAME TIME

Tad slides in next to Rosalee on a couch -- close, but not too close -- he's very skilled at this. Rosalee has a tinge of nervousness but is determined to fight through it.

TAD

Hi.

ROSALEE

Hi.

TAD

(then, re. everything)

Good for us.

ROSALEE

Yeah. Good for us.

He kisses her -- an outstanding kiss. It becomes more passionate. Still, she's holding something back, and at a certain point breaks out of the kiss for a question:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Do the pilot and the co-pilot ever come back here?

TAD

No -- they know that would be really a bad idea.

ROSALEE

(with the tiniest bit of judgment)

Oh, you mean because they know they might very well be interrupting something.

TAD

No -- because then no one would be flying the plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

(brought up short)

Oh. Right.

(laughs at herself)

Sorry.

TAD

It's okay.

And she smiles, her nervousness diminished. He kisses her again. She holds back a little less.

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - TOP OF THE WIGGLING PIG

Pete and Angelica hoist themselves from the rickety metal ladder onto the platform at the top of the pig. We see how old and decrepit the whole structure is. Pete carries a brown paper bag from which a the neck of bottle of Jack Daniels peeks out. Angelica, who carries a blanket, is fairly exploding with excitement. Pete is trying to medicate himself into a willingness to avail himself of that excitement. It's going to take a lot of Jack Daniels, which he swigs liberally throughout.

He peeks over the edge of the platform. Beneath the tower, we see an enormous pile of BEFTY BAGS set for the end-of-the-day trash pick-up.

ANGELICA

I've always wanted to come up here with you.

PETE

(absently)

Oh, yeah, me, too.

He drinks, and notices that there is something wrong with the motions of the mechanical pig -- its wiggle has become more of a weirdly coital shudder. Pete looks at the booze, then back to the pig.

PETE (CONT'D)

Is it me, or does the pig have a... little hitch in his gitalong?

ANGELICA

I like it. It's kinda exciting.

PETE

(looks at her)

You're an interesting girl.

The tower GROANS its wood fatigue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

This whole damn tower is so old.

ANGELICA

Yeah, but it's a cultural icon.

PETE

Which speaks well for our culture,
dud'nit, Angelica?

And Pete drinks. Angelica closes in.

ANGELICA

You know, when you get bitter, you
look a little like Warren Beatty in
"Splendor in the Grass."

PETE

(to himself)

Oh, for lord's sake.

And he drinks big.

INT. G-6 - SAME TIME

The making out is progressing nicely. Dresses are unbuttoned,
hands are moving, and all systems are go. However, the
plane's TELEPHONE rings.

TAD

Oh, shit.

ROSALEE

What's that? Are we crashing?

TAD

We're still at the airport, honey.

ROSALEE

Oh.

TAD

(answering phone)

Hello?

INT. RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER'S OFFICE

The Richard Levys share a speakerphone. Richard Levy the
Younger holds a copy of a TABLOID, on the cover of which is
a paparazzo's PHOTO of Tad riding the horse the other day
alongside Pete. Tad is grinning, WHOOPING and holding his
hat. Behind him, watching adoringly from her station on the
split rail fence, is Rosalee. Tucked in a corner of a frame,
barely noticeable, is Pete's chagrined face as he watches

(CONTINUED)

Joseph Middleton

CONTINUED:

Tad blow by him. The HEADLINE reads, "A GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVE STORY," and the subhead, "Tad Hamilton Makes All A Girl's Wishes Come True."

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
How's my favorite cowboy?

INTERCUT:

Tad's eyes flit to Rosalee, from whom show business instinct leads him to keep secret the identity of the caller and the content of the call.

TAD
Huh?

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
Congratulations, pod'ner.

TAD
What are you guys talking about?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
Jimmy Ing stopped breathing.

TAD
Huh?

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
You got the part.

TAD
What?! How?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
Seems he saw something that reminded him that he had to have you.

TAD
What was that?

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
(raising tabloid)
Well, it was --

Richard Levy the Younger is about to tell him about the tabloid cover when Richard Levy the Older, who at this moment is also Richard Levy the Wiser, covers the tabloid with his hand and interrupts Richard Levy the Younger.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
-- It was the body of your work.
Your resume. Your credits. The reality of you, and of who you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 (catching right on)
 That's right. He called me up and
 he said, "Who am I kidding? Tad
 Hamilton has to play this part.
 There's nobody else."

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 Nobody else.

And at this, Tad is gleeful. But even in his glee, he deftly
 avoids proper nouns.

TAD
 NO SHIT! SON OF A BITCH! THAT'S
 WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! THAT IS
 EXACTLY WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 Where are you supposed to fly to?

TAD
 Uh...

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 You know what? Don't answer. Why
 aggravate me and ruin the vibe?
 Just go the cockpit and tell the
 pilot to change the flight plan to
 L.A.

It's a moment of truth for Tad. But as it turns out, not a
 long moment.

TAD
 Okay.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 You've got fittings all day Monday,
 and rehearsals start Tuesday.

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
 Penelope Cruz' deal closed, by the
 way. Insanely hot woman.

Tad nods.

TAD
 True.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
 You're back on the beam, pally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD LEVY THE OLDER
Back on top, where you should be.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER
(off tabloid cover)
Or, put another way:
(sings dreadfully)
You're back in the saddle again...

Richard Levy the Older joins him dreadfully and reluctantly.

RICHARD LEVY THE YOUNGER / OLDER
...Out where a friend is a friend...

Tad presses the earpiece to his head so as to squelch the horrible -- and incriminating -- noise.

TAD
Okay, well, that's great, and thanks
for calling, and I'll talk to you
Monday.

We can still hear them WARBLING as Tad hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

Tad looks at Rosalee and she at him. He flashes that smile.

TAD (CONT'D)
Sorry.

ROSALEE
Who was that?

TAD
Just some buddies.

ROSALEE
Oh.

Rosalee seems satisfied. Tad leans in to kiss her. After a moment of kissing, however, Rosalee has another question.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)
Why'd you say you'd talk to them
Monday?

TAD
What do you mean?

ROSALEE
Well, it just seems so formal. For
buddies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD

No, it's just, they're going away
for the weekend, so...

Rosalee seems satisfied.

ROSALEE

Oh.

Tad kisses her again. Again, it goes nicely, until Rosalee
scowls, another question on her mind.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

What was all that celebrating about?

TAD

Oh, uh... the Lakers. They beat the
Kings. Kobe hit a step-back jumper
at the buzzer. I can't wait to take
you to a game. We have amazing seats.

ROSALEE

Oh.

And they go back to kissing. This time, it looks as though
they could go all the way. But then, Rosalee stops kissing.
And when she separates from Tad this time, it's with a sudden,
ashen gravity:

TAD

What?

ROSALEE

You said you didn't really like
watching sports.

A moment. Tad is busted. He tries to come up with a way
out, but he can't find one. By instinct, he smiles and laughs
a little. But that won't get him out of this one.

ROSALEE

knows what this means. She tries to digest the blow. As
she reflexively pulls her dress back around herself, she's
struck by a second, even more powerful thought.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh.

TAD

What?

And she is on her feet, putting on her shoes and buttoning
her dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

I gotta go.

TAD

Rosalee, hang on a second. You can't just --

She goes to the hatch and begins looking for the button that opens it.

TAD (CONT'D)

Rosalee, don't do that. There's a certain way to --

She hits the WRONG BUTTON. The hatch door BLOWS onto the tarmac, at a recovery cost of some \$73,000, and a SLIDE INFLATES. All sorts of ALARMS go off. She turns to Tad.

ROSALEE

Sorry.

But not so sorry that she doesn't then slide down the slide to freedom.

Rosalee!

CUT TO:

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - LATER

Cathy, preoccupied, is ringing up a customer when the sliding doors open and Rosalee runs in, out of breath.

ROSALEE

(CALLING)

Pete? Peeete?!

CATHY

Rosie?

ROSALEE

Where is he?

CATHY

Not here.

ROSALEE

He's not here? What do you mean he's not here. He's always here. He's Pete.

(CONTINUED)

Joseph Middleton

CONTINUED:

CATHY

Nobody's seen him since this
afternoon. What are you still doing
here?

ROSALEE

Can I borrow your car?

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - MOMENTS LATER

Rosalie runs to Cathy's car, which is parked next to the pig
tower. She passes the pile of Hefty bags. Just as she puts
the key in the lock,

A SHOE

falls from above and lands on the car's hood, making a HEALTHY
DENT in Cathy's car. Rosalie looks at the shoe and then
looks up at the platform.

ROSALEE

(calls)
Pete?

A balled-up Piggly Wiggly shirt now lands on her forehead.
She checks for Pete's nameplate, and finds it.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Pete!

And she runs to the tower's ladder and begins to climb.
After a step or two, we hear a fatigued CREAK from the wood
as it objects greatly to the weight of a third person. But
Rosalie continues, undaunted.

EXT. TOWER PLATFORM

The wind gusts -- loudly enough so that no one could possibly
hear a voice from street level. Angelica is working hard to
remove articles of her own clothing as well as Pete's. Pete
is concentrating on anesthetizing himself. At those rare
moments when his mouth is not engaged with the Jack Daniels
bottle, Angelica kisses him.

ANGELICA

I just want you to know...
(yanks off a sock)
...That this is going to be...
(grunts as she lifts
him up and tries to
pull his jeans off)
...One of the most significant
events...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
 (kisses him)
 ...Of my life.

PETE
 (nods as he swallows
 Jack Daniels)
 Mm hrm.

She tears his other shoe off and tosses it aside. It teeters at the edge of the platform.

EXT. LADDER

Rosalee climbs. We can hear the tower CREAKING regularly, now.

ROSALEE
 (CALLS toward platform)
 Pete! I'm coming!

EXT. PLATFORM

Angelica yanks Pete's pants down to his calves, GRUNTING MASSIVELY at the effort, and absently knocking the second shoe off the platform.

ANGELICA
 (big breath of
 accomplishment)
 All right, then. Let us see, once
 and for all, what is.

And she is about to reach for the brass ring when they hear the thud of a shoe on a forehead, followed by a PAINED YELP from below.

ROSALEE (O.S.)
 Pete! What the hell are you doing?
 Stop that!

The sound of Rosalee's voice focuses Pete and greatly irritates Angelica.

ANGELICA
 Ah, shit.

Pete peers over the edge of the platform and sees Rosalee.

PETE
 Rosie?

ROSALEE
 Stop dumping footwear on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Okay. What are you doing here?

ROSALEE

I'll tell you in a minute.

PETE

Okay.

Hiking up his pants, he turns to Angelica.

PETE (CONT'D)

You have to hide.

Angelica looks at him for a moment. In his eyes, she can see where she stands, if ever had she had any doubts. Good soul that she is, she knows what she should do.

EXT. LADDER

Rosalee is only a few rungs from the platform, now.

ROSALEE

...I mean, I know you're mad at me and I understand that, but at least let a girl climb up the pig and explain herself without hitting her with shoes.

And Rosalee hoists herself onto the platform, discovering Pete, drunk, shirtless and wearing one sock. There is no sign of Angelica; but the blanket seems oddly puffy behind him. Rosalee sees the untoward movements of the pig.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Something's wrong with the pig.

PETE

I know.

ROSALEE

That's sort of disturbing, what it's doing.

PETE

I know.

Now she takes in the state of Pete's disrepair. She sees the Jack Daniels bottle. Her heart aches for him, knowing she's caused this pain. She smiles with great compassion.

ROSALEE

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Hi.

ROSALEE

You're drowning your sorrows, aren't you.

PETE

Uh, yes. That's right.

ROSALEE

Pete, that is so romantic. You are so romantic. You may not realize it, but you are. You're romantic, and you're good, and you're pure of heart.

But at this point a gust of wind comes up and blows part of the blanket up in the air, revealing Angelica's naked butt. Angelica's hand comes out to re-cover the butt, but to no avail -- the butt has been spotted. Rosalee scowls, moves to the other end of the blanket, and pulls it back, revealing Angelica's face.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Hello, Angelica

ANGELICA

Hi, Rosalee.

Amazed, Rosalee turns to Pete. Her compassion gives way to umbrage.

ROSALEE

Five minutes after I turn you down, you're with someone else?

And her umbrage brings out his hackles, and now it's hackles versus umbrage as, instantly, they're back in their usual pugilistic rhythm.

PETE

What is there, a waiting period?

ROSALEE

No, but five minutes? The ink isn't even dry on the turn-down.

PETE

A turn-down is a turn-down, Rosie.

ROSALEE

It's indecent. It's --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

You be quiet, now. You rejected me.
You told me "no." And with that
mortal syllable, you lost the right
to comment on my behavior.

ROSALEE

(considers, then)
I guess that's true.
(then, in a more
conciliatory tone)
You want to come out of there,
Angelica?

ANGELICA

Not particularly.

ROSALEE

Okay.

PETE

(to Rosalee)
What do you want, anyway?

ROSALEE

Well, Pete,

But at this point, there is a GUNSHOT-like noise, followed
by the terrible sound of WOOD CRACKING beneath them.

PETE

Okay, now, that is probably not good.

And in the next instant, the structure begins to break apart.

ROSALEE

Pete?

ANGELICA

Pete?

Pete reaches for the pig's nose...

PETE

I've got the septum!

...and with his other arm grabs Rosalee and Angelica's
blanket, to which she in turn clings.

The wooden standards of the tower snap in half, sending the
pig's housing and mechanism -- along with the arms, legs,
torso and pelvis of the pig itself -- tumbling into the
parking lot. Cathy's car takes a terrible beating. The

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

pig's nose, which is riveted to the housing, is last thing to go. They all hang there for an agonizing moment.

ROSALEE

Don't let go of me, Pete.

PETE

I won't let go of you, Rosie! I could never let go of you!

ANGELICA

(somewhat less poetically)

Do me a favor, don't let go of me, either, Pete.

PETE

I won't.

But then the last of the supports give way, and they all fall, SCREAMING, into the pile of Hefty bags.

ANGELICA

Fuck meeeeeee

ROSALEE

Peeeeeete!

PETE

Rosa --

(deflects off piece of pig)

-- leeee!

-- and they land.

It's a moment before the hunks of wood have stopped rolling around and the car alarms have begun to die down. Cathy's car is now totaled. Rosalee is the first one to pick her head up.

ROSALEE

Pete? Peeete?

She stands and looks at around for him in the field of rubble and hefty bags.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Peeeeeete?! Peeeeeete!?

She begins tromping around, frantically looking for him.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Peeeeeete?! Peeeeeeeeeete!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, she spots him.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Pete!

Oblivious to the loose garbage that engulfs her, she struggles toward him.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Peete! Peete! Peete!

She blows by Angelica, who is sitting up.

ANGELICA

I'm fine, by the way.

ROSALEE

(absently)

Good.

(then, continuing)

Peete! Peete!

She reaches him.

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

Pete! Are you okay? Say something!

He doesn't respond. She looks around for something with which to bring him around, and spots a container of FOUL-LOOKING LIQUID. Any port in a suppm. She opens it and dumps the contents on him. He comes to.

PETE

Hubba, hubba, blach, blach.

ROSALEE

Say something else.

PETE

(thinks, then)

Uh, ouch.

ROSALEE

You're okay! Petey, you're okay!

PETE

Yeah, I'm "okay." I'm not great, though.

(then, repulsed, re:
fluid)

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSALEE

(beams)

Petey!

And they look at each other, there in the garbage, she straddling him, he peering up at her. It's a look that shares a lifetime's discovered love. Then, in a delivery reminiscent of Tad's from the airport scene:

ROSALEE (CONT'D)

I was thinking.

PETE

Yes?

ROSALEE

They say Paris, France is actually very rainy this time of time of year.

For Pete, the words are a starter's pistol. He hoists himself upwards, and they kiss and hug, to their own delight, to that of the Piggly Wiggly customers and employees who are glued to the store window, to Angelica's understanding gaze, and to the gracious, bittersweet smile of Tad Hamilton, who watches from a respectful distance in his rental car at the parking lot's entrance.

And this time, it's Tad who drives away into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHEELING MULTIPLEX - ONE YEAR LATER - NIGHT

Pete and Rosalee watch Tad in the Jimmy Ing movie. He's on a horse, looking cool as anything, talking to a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, reminiscent of Rosalee, who sits on a split-rail fence.

TAD

...One when something really makes you laugh. One when you're just laughing out of politeness. One when you make plans. One when you hear something you like. One when you're uncomfortable. And one when you're talking about your friends.

The young woman smiles shyly. Tad's horse moves subtly, to take him to kissing distance. Tad and the horse are both very skilled. Tad kisses her. It's a gentle kiss. She breaks it off after a moment, leans her head back, and removes

(CONTINUED)

Joseph Middleton

CONTINUED:

HER RETAINER

which she lays down on the fence. Then, they kiss again, full throttle, this time.

IN THE MULTIPLEX AUDIENCE

the crowd COOS with pleasure.

ON THE SCREEN

the kiss ends, and Tad hoists the woman onto the back of his horse, deftly grabbing her retainer.

YOUNG WOMAN

Here's to mudcats and mandolins.

And with that, smiling, Tad spurs the horse. It gallops off at blinding speed across a beautiful open field, the woman beaming, Tad HOOTING, grinning and holding his hat.

IN THE MULTIPLEX AUDIENCE

The crowd bursts into fresh applause -- all but Pete and Rosie, who are locked in a most wonderful kiss of their own. After a long moment, we MOVE to the row behind them, where once again

MRS. PEREZ

who had, of course, watched Tad kiss Rosalee a year earlier, now watches Pete kiss Rosalee. Mrs. Perez is EVEN MORE MOVED by this kiss than she had been by that one. After a long voyeuristic moment, she leans forward to Rosie, and, in a confederate's whisper:

MRS. PEREZ

You do very, very well.

Rosalee turns just far enough to see Mrs. Perez and recognize her. Without breaking the kiss, Rosie LAUGHS at herself in that joyous way that she has.

FADE OUT.

END OF FILM